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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 709
EDITORIALS:
The President Violates the Law..... 712
Relief Hits New Low..... 713
Short Selling 713
God's Book for God's People..... 714
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION . . . By Hendrik Willem van Loon.. 715
"SHE'S NOT HOLDING UP HER END!" A Cartoon by Edmund Duffy 716
CONGRESS, DEBTS, AND BANKERS. By Oswald Garrison Villard 717
LYNCHINGS, FEARS, AND FOLKWAYS. By Howard W. Odum.. 719
TELL ME, GOD. By Virginia Moore..... 720
MILKING THE UTILITIES. By Mauritz A. Hallgren..... 721
"RED" UNIONS AND THE A. F. OF L. By Felix Morrow..... 722
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter..... 725
CORRESPONDENCE 725
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE..... 726
FINANCE: A NEW ASPECT OF REPARATIONS. By S. Palmer Harman 726
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:
Tender Pelican. By Edward Davison..... 727
The Welsian Bible. By Henry Hazlitt..... 727
Fenimore Cooper. By Granville Hicks..... 728
Ludwig on Ludwig. By Horace Gregory..... 728
More Roses and Locomotives. By Eda Lou Walton..... 729
Our Lawless Police. By Paul Blanshard..... 730
Books in Brief..... 730
Art: The Whitney Museum. By Paul Rosenfeld..... 731
Drama: The Decent Thing. By Joseph Wood Krutch..... 732
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
"Friendship!"—Slogan of Vienna. By Cornelia Stratton Parker.. 735

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EUROPEAN REACTION to the stand Congress has taken on the question of revising the war debts should serve as a warning to Washington. Editorial comment in the press of Berlin, Paris, and London has lately been increasingly bitter toward us. Moreover, Berlin observers report that Adolf Hitler, who has promised outright repudiation of reparations, has been considerably strengthened by the adamant attitude of Congress. Chancellor Brüning may fall unless he can soon counter Hitler's promise with a definite guaranty of relief from Germany's creditors. But France is hardly likely to extend such relief unless assured in advance that the United States will not insist upon full payment of the war debts. From London has come the suggestion that England and France take joint action on this question without regard to our position. Following up this semi-official suggestion, Wickham Steed proposed that England and France upon their own initiative proclaim a two-year extension of the Hoover moratorium. He described his proposal as "one sure way of bringing home to the American people a sense of their own dependence upon the welfare of other nations." If the Steed proposal were carried through, we should not only collect no debts whatever during the two-year period, but we should be in a weak position in any future negotiations looking toward an adjustment of the debt problem. Europe may yet be swept by revolution, as some people believe, as a result of our callous and unintelligent attitude, but even if we escape the consequences of such disturbances, we shall very probably suffer in other ways from growing European hostility.

THE TESTIMONY of Mr. Lamont and Mr. Mitchell before the Senate Finance Committee covered a good deal of ground, and it will be difficult to draw conclusions from some aspects of it until more testimony from other bankers is in. Mr. Lamont's remarks were reassuring in tone. He pointed out that in no case up to date has there been any default in the service on any private German governmental debt, including all the municipal issues, and he asserted his confidence that none of these issues would be repudiated. Mr. Mitchell, though also inclined to believe that Germany would take this attitude toward private credits, expressed the correct opinion that the generation which has grown up since the war was becoming increasingly resentful of paying reparations, and would eventually revolt against them if they were continued. On the whole, the answers by both bankers were much more intelligent than most of the questions addressed to them. Some of the Senators on the committee seem to be trying to prove both that the international bankers favor the cancelation of war debts solely because they want to make their own private foreign bonds more secure, and that they have already sold all these private foreign bonds to unwary investors!

THE WORST MAN President Hoover could possibly have chosen from the Senate, Swanson of Virginia, he has picked for one of the places on the Commission to the Disarmament Conference. It begins to look as if Mr. Hoover were deliberately trying to sabotage the conference by appointing men who have neither the ability nor the desire to make it a success. Senator Swanson is an imperialist and a big-navy man. Henry P. Fletcher is the man who, while he was Ambassador at Mexico, nearly precipitated a bad break between that country and the United States; he is at best a routinized, big-business diplomat. Hugh Wilson, if clever, is also a typical career diplomat of limited vision. It only remains now for Mr. Hoover to appoint a man like James J. Davis of Pennsylvania to represent the Republican members of the Senate, and the mischief will be complete. The only hope left is that Mr. Stimson will head the delegation. He really desires disarmament. There is not the slightest sign that the others do. As for putting a woman on, or a man who is really passionate for disarmament or who is identified with the peace cause—such as Alanson B. Houghton or Nicholas Murray Butler—why, Mr. Hoover won't think of such a thing. Unless all signs fail, he has insured from the start that ours will be a reactionary delegation without the possibility of leadership. And yet, as President Butler has said, the Geneva conference may settle the fate of the world for a generation.

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SENATOR COSTIGAN of Colorado has introduced a bill in the Senate appropriating $125,000,000 for the fiscal year which ends June 30 next, and $250,000,000 for the following twelve months, for the benefit of the unemployed, and creating a Federal Board of Unemployment Relief, comprising the heads of the Children's Bureau, the Director of Extension Work in the Department of Agriculture, and the Chief of the Vocational Rehabilitation Service, the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor to be charged with the administration of the act. Forty per cent of the amounts appropriated are to be divided at once among the several States according to the proportion of their population; the rest, after deductions for the expenses of administration—which should be very light—is to be held in reserve for emergency allotments. These are to be made whenever it appears that "the combined moneys available from local and State funds within the State, supplemented by the moneys apportioned to the State . . . will fall below the estimated need for emergency relief." The disbursing board must, however, be satisfied that every effort has been made by local authorities to meet the emergency without calling for aid. The original payments are not to be in excess of two-thirds of the amount available within a State by local and State agencies or private gifts. It strikes us that Senator Costigan's bill is sane and well drafted and that it offers an excellent method of beginning federal aid.

THE JAPANESE, having induced the League of Nations and our State Department not to interfere with their aggressive operations, are now making ready to "consolidate" their position in Manchuria. We are told in dispatches from Tokio that this task will probably be undertaken in the middle of January. First, these dispatches say, the "bandits" and Chinese "irregulars" must be driven from the Chinchow area. In other words, the Manchurian war is to go on until the military conquest is completed and the last vestige of Chang Hsueh-liang's influence eradicated. The State Department is said to have protested against the renewal of the Japanese military drive, but again the essential details as to the department's action are being withheld from the public. According to the United Press, General Jiro Minami, the former Minister of War, has been appointed governor general of Manchuria, although the correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* more cautiously quotes the Japanese press as saying he has been sent to Mukden to "prepare for the establishment of a government-general in Manchuria." Perhaps both of these statements are incorrect, or in any case premature. More certain is it that the Japanese have picked their own man, Tsang Shih-yi, to be Chinese governor of the territory for the time being. They kept Tsang an involuntary guest for three months before "appointing" him. In his first interview with foreign correspondents he was surrounded by Japanese "advisers." It is fairly safe to presume that Tsang, unlike Chang Hsueh-liang, will take care to do Tokio's bidding.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK, the militarist who was to regenerate China in the name of Sun Yat-sen, has fallen. The manner of his falling was little short of revolutionary, and it may have far-reaching consequences. Marshal Chiang rose to prominence and power with the repeated victories of the Nationalist armies which swept northward from Canton in 1926. The ground had previously been prepared for them by the teaching of Dr. Sun and the clever agitation and propaganda work of Michael Borodin, the Russian. But no sooner had Chiang established himself at Nanking than the reaction against the nationalism of Sun Yat-sen and the communism of Borodin began. The Kuomintang under Chiang immediately set about the task of purging itself of its radical elements, the purging consisting partly of driving Mrs. Sun, Eugene Chen, and other radical leaders out of the party, and partly of wholesale beheadings of Chinese peasants and "bandits" suspected of Communist sympathies. Nevertheless, radical propaganda continued to make deep inroads among the common people, especially among the students. Three years of unceasing student agitation against Chiang Kai-shek has now finally driven him from power. This is the first instance in the recent history of China of a war lord being overthrown not by another war lord, but by popular opinion. In that respect his fall holds vast significance; it may mark the end of militarist government in China.

IT HAS BEEN OBVIOUS since the "standstill" agreement was arrived at by Germany's "short-term" private creditors that, barring a radical change for the better, these creditors could not hope to have their claims paid as a group except over a long period of years. The problem has been that of either putting all these claims on an equal basis or separating them into a few clear-cut categories and assuring an orderly liquidation. Recent reports indicate that this will be done by the formation of a trust company to take over the separate claims and exchange for them its own 5 per cent bonds. These bonds are then to run for a maximum of ten years and are presumably to be retired serially at the rate of 10 per cent of the total amount each year. At the moment this appears to be the most reasonable way of dealing with the problem. The suggestion has been thrown out that the bonds are to be made the basis for advances by "national banks of issue," which would seem to imply the hope that they could be rediscounted by the Federal Reserve banks. Such a proposal should not, of course, be given the slightest consideration, even if the bonds of the proposed trust company were much sounder than they seem likely to be. The Federal Reserve system must not under any circumstances be made the dumping ground for long-term securities or frozen credits. The bonds of such a trust company would, however, have a general market—something which the individual claims do not have. But no plan for liquidating the short-term credits, no matter how ingenious technically, can hope to succeed or to prevent leaks unless steps are taken to restore genuine confidence in Germany's financial soundness.

LAST SUMMER the representatives of twenty-eight nations at Geneva approved a new convention designed to control the international traffic in habit-forming drugs. The plan contained in this agreement, while by no means perfect, was rightly acclaimed by the State Department as "the most advanced step yet taken in the fight against the abuse of narcotics." The convention is to take effect when ratified by four drug-manufacturing nations and twenty-one non-manufacturing nations. Unhappily, not one government has to date ratified the agreement. For some peculiar reason, and notwithstanding the State Department's en-

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thusiasm for the convention, President Hoover not only failed to ask the Senate to ratify it, but neglected even to mention it in any of his messages to Congress. In *The Nation* of July 29 we pointed out that the weakness of the new plan lay in its failure to control or regulate the production of raw materials. We expressed the belief that, inasmuch as Turkey is the largest producer of raw narcotics for the illicit drug trade, the announced intention of Turkey to accept the new convention, and also to sign the 1912 Hague treaty and the 1925 Geneva convention, would go far toward remedying the weakness of the 1931 agreement. But Turkey has not yet acted. Early ratification of the agreement by the United States would unquestionably encourage other countries, including Turkey, to take similar action.

THE COST OF RACE PREJUDICE is revealed with new force by recent information regarding the death of Juliette Derricotte in a Southern Negro hospital last November. Miss Derricotte was a credit both to her race and to the Y. W. C. A., of whose national board she was a member. On November 6 she and a companion were injured in an automobile accident at Dalton, Georgia. Her friend, Miss Johnson, would certainly have died from injuries; but the death of Miss Derricotte, according to recent investigations by Walter White for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was not inevitable. Mr. White declares that the color line barred Miss Derricotte from the local hospital; that she lay for six hours in a private house to which sick colored people are "referred," and then, though in great pain, was carried fifty miles to Chattanooga; and that the colored hospital at Chattanooga lacked ordinary X-ray equipment. "The real kindness of the white doctors in Dalton, in whose offices the colored women received treatment," says Mr. White, "only emphasizes the rigidity of the hospital segregation which is directly responsible for Miss Derricotte's death." The fact that the victim of caste in the present instance was a person of culture and prominence vividly illuminates the handicaps under which thousands of Negroes, more obscure, are compelled to suffer without the public ever hearing of them.

DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON it is proper to give a thought to employees of the Post Office Department. Weary postmen with bulging sacks over their shoulders can be seen delivering Christmas and New Year's mail at any hour of the day. But in the branch post offices there are clerks who do not appear on the streets and are no less to be relieved if possible. Several of them have written letters to *The Nation* describing their plight. Significantly enough, each begs that his name not be used or refrains from giving it: "I'd lose my job if it were found out that I am telling you this." Briefly the subcarriers complain that they receive no salary but are paid by the hour for work done and must often wait long intervals between assignments; that the average earnings per subcarrier per day in one representative station amounted to $2.35; that hours are from 6 a. m. till frequently 7 p. m. or sometimes later; that uniforms are furnished by the employees themselves. Recommendations recently issued by First Assistant Postmaster General Coleman prove that such conditions are not imaginary. The deficit in the department, he declared, makes economy imperative; no increased pay rolls, as a result, no new help, no vacancies to be filled unless the most urgent need can be shown, every possible employee who can be spared now is to be "dispensed with." "Regular clerks and carriers should appreciate the effort of the department to protect them in their positions and they must cooperate in maintaining the service, under present conditions, even though they are required to accept less desirable assignments." This is the government's answer to the unemployment crisis. How fortunate that we have rugged individualism to console the Post Office employees in their working and non-working hours!

BERTRAND RUSSELL, who took ship lately for home, promises never to return to the United States. Americans are too hospitable, he declares; they feted him to death and, he undoubtedly might have added, urged on him too constantly indifferent liquor and dull sociability. If we have sent away forever a good friend, a sound scholar, a first-rate conversationalist we have only ourselves to blame. The way of Americans with foreign, and particularly British, visitors of almost any degree of excellence is past understanding. Most of the visitors, it is true, come frankly to make money; they find, often enough, that they can sell for a good price their second-rate wares to uncritical women's clubs and "literary" societies; in the process they are "entertained" to the point of exhaustion by persons in search of a lion. This is highly demoralizing to the foreign visitors and to the Americans who welcome them. The latter are treated to inferior wares and made to like them; the former yield to the temptation of palming off their thinnest ideas on undiscriminating audiences, with sometimes disastrous results to their own integrity and lasting fame. In the case specifically of Lord Russell, he has added nothing to his eminence as a philosopher and mathematician by lectures on current morality and the future of sex. We trust he will not keep his promise never to come back to the United States, but that when he does come, it will be to eschew the swing around the lecture circle.

WE ARE SOMEWHAT SURPRISED but very much gratified to learn that Thomas Stearns Eliot has been appointed to fill the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry at Harvard during the academic year of 1932-33. Cynics may remark that Mr. Eliot possesses a rare combination of qualities in that he is at once an Eliot, a Harvard graduate, and, by choice, a British subject. They may add that this combination is exactly the one which would appeal to certain prejudices rooted in the academic mind. But the fact remains that he is a man of extraordinary talents and that he is, despite his present conservatism, not quite the type which usually receives official recognition. Once a satirist and a rebel, he has become a defender of a highly intellectual kind of authoritarianism in politics and religion as well as in literature, but he has achieved a solid fame without ever saying or writing anything which seems likely to be popular. He is the most conspicuous survivor among the group of young men who set out some ten or fifteen years ago to remake the literary tradition, and he has gradually become the most generally accepted leader of what he would certainly refuse to call "the young intellectuals." The appointment should be gratifying to him and will certainly contribute largely to the intellectual life of America.

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The President Violates the Law

THE Secretary of War's impassioned defense of President Hoover at last week's meeting of the Republican National Committee, we read, "brought the party leaders to their feet with cheers by his militant thrusts at the Democrats, and his confident prediction that President Hoover's leadership would carry his party to victory next year." As to that, we shall see what we shall see. It is the regulation talk of a Cabinet member loyally devoted to his Chief. But what we are concerned about today is one item of the twelve points listed by Mr. Hurley to prove that the President has been a great and successful leader. It reads as follows:

> 3. He stopped immigration by an effective order to bar 300,000 aliens who would have been unemployed.

Far from being a cause for praise, this is to us a grave indictment of President Hoover, so grave that if the national legislature were aware of its significance and of the enormity of the offense, and the process of impeachment were not so difficult, it could well be made a basis for impeachment proceedings. For what this means is that the President deliberately set aside a law passed by Congress without himself having the authority of law, thereby invading the field of the legislative branch of the government.

We are quite aware, of course, that Mr. Hoover's action has been acclaimed by others besides the Secretary of War; that it has even been described as a statesman-like act in the time of national emergency; that it has the approval of the bulk of the Congress; that it was an act of kindness to the intending immigrants not to permit them to come into a country where they would starve for lack of work and increase the difficulties of the American people. Now, valid as these arguments seem on their face, they are entirely beside the mark. The only fact worth noting about this matter is that the President of the United States deliberately violated a law, deliberately trenched upon the prerogatives of the Congress. For those who respect the laws and the Constitution of the United States it must seem far worse to have the President again setting the example of lawlessness than to have had a few thousand more people come through the gates of Ellis Island. More than that, not only did the President himself undertake to say when a law should or should not be enforced; the agents of the United States abroad, the consuls and vice-consuls involved, deliberately resorted to all sorts of stratagems and misrepresentations to head off people who under the laws of the United States were clearly entitled to receive visas. The President's offense is, moreover, the less defensible because he could have asked Congress last winter for a temporary modification of the law, or for the power to suspend it if in his judgment it seemed wise. Had the regular session not granted this authority, he would have been justified in calling a special session for that purpose alone.

We cannot think of a more vital principle today than this one that officials of the United States, and especially the President, who have taken a solemn oath to uphold and maintain the laws shall be held accountable for that oath and for the responsibility they assume. Every American has his theory as to why it is that ours has the disgraceful distinction of being the most lawless of countries. Some students of our society and national life attribute it to the inheritance of the pioneer spirit which, when it broke ground through the wilderness, was by force of circumstances at times superior to its own laws, or was a law unto itself. Others attribute it to the government's attempt to regulate the habits and actions of private individuals, as in the national prohibition act. We, too, have our pet reason for this national lawlessness, although we realize that it probably cannot be explained wholly by any single circumstance. Our belief is that our laws and Constitution are constantly brought into contempt more through the lawlessness of public officials than in any other way. The statement we have made above, that this might be well made a case for the impeachment of the Executive under certain conditions, will doubtless seem to many readers a gross exaggeration. It is nothing of the kind if one regards the tremendous amount of lawlessness by public officials throughout the land. Anything we could do to bring home to our officials from the White House down that this is a government of laws and not of men, that no administrative or executive official has the right to alter or disregard a law, would be the greatest possible blessing. Yet the Secretary of War actually commends the President for lawlessness that would send to prison men who set aside the same law for the purpose of smuggling a half-dozen persons into the United States!

No one, certainly not Mr. Hurley, can deny the fact that the laws of the United States are violated by officials at every turn. The other day the mayor of Syracuse hit upon the happy idea that the way to help the unemployment situation in that city was to remove from the civil service about 170 married women whose husbands were also wage-earners—an act that fortunately met with vigorous and outspoken protest from the college community situated in that city, and others of the citizenry. It was a deliberate violation of the civil-service laws. It was just as lawless an act in its essence as if the mayor had wounded a citizen of Syracuse on the street. Yet he believed himself absolutely justified in overriding the law because of the authority vested in him. Just so Secretary Doak in his annual report acclaims the President for his violation of the immigration law, and the President himself admits it by asking the Congress in his annual message for ex post facto approval of his infringement of its prerogatives and his own violation of his solemn oath of office. No emergency can justify this sort of thing. Everywhere it will encourage the mayors who have made a joke of the constitutional right of free speech and free assembly; the governors who use the militia to enforce their arbitrary will as to oil production; the chiefs of police who, as the Wickersham Commission has proved, hourly violate the rights of prisoners and administer the "third degree" without realizing that thereby they make themselves worse criminals than the thugs from whom they seek to wring confessions by torture. Things like these constitute in our judgment one of the gravest menaces to our Republic.

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Relief Hits New Low

HARDLY a day goes by without its hymns of thanksgiving from industrialists, reactionary labor leaders, and other public guardians because we are free from the fearsome "dole." This frank jubilation may arise from mixed motives, yet we assume that few among the defense corps really prefer starvation, even for others, to unemployment insurance or various forms of state aid. They console themselves with the thought that American generosity, thank God, has risen to the call for sharing and has guaranteed that no matter how hard the winter, they will not see actual starvation.

They may not see it. But granting that the relief funds as proposed for various cities and towns will be available in the full amounts requested—a hope not positively certain of fulfilment—will wholesale hunger be averted? Some valuable testimony on this point was offered by experienced observers from many cities who gathered recently in Washington under the auspices of the Joint Committee on Unemployment. In Atlanta, said Professor Mercer G. Evans of Emory University, almost 5,000 families are receiving relief, and figuring the minimum allowance for groceries at $6 or $7 a week for each family, and other living costs at about $3, practically $50,000 weekly is required. For a period of thirty weeks, this would imply a definite need of $1,500,000, whereas the total actually sought is only $800,000. A report from Los Angeles placed the unemployed actually registered as 151,000, of which 60,000 were heads of families. A $5,000,000 bond issue was used up last year and has not been replaced, and out of the Community Chest drive, which brought in about $3,000,000, only $600,000 has specifically been designated for unemployment. Even adding in other indirect sums, the total falls far short of the city's needs. In Cleveland, where 100,000 needy families are estimated to exist, the minimum food allowance of $4 a week necessitates spending $400,000 weekly, or $6,000,000 for the fifteen coldest weeks. Adding $5,000,000 for shelter and clothing, $11,000,000 is demonstrably required. But the complete amount at hand is only $4,075,349, falling short of the need by almost $7,000,000.

Are the larger cities doing any better? Last September in Chicago 43,545 families were receiving relief from the County Bureau of Public Welfare and five major relief agencies. Paul Hutchinson, managing editor of the *Christian Century*, representing the Chicago Workers' Committee on Unemployment, declared:

> The minimum amount needed for the bare necessities of life for the unemployed from October 1 this year to September 30, 1932, is $21,260,000. To meet this need there is available $8,890,000, if county appropriations are maintained, and if the Joint Fund is raised. This means a deficit of $12,370,000 to meet the barest family-sustenance needs already apparent. The legislature will be asked to provide $10,000,000, $3,000,000 for relief and $7,000,000 for a special work fund; but even if this goes through, it will leave the deficit for the merest maintenance $8,870,000.

Last year Philadelphia spent $7,400,000 for relief, it was shown by Andrew J. Biemiller, secretary of the Philadelphia League for Industrial Democracy, who also indicated that whereas the Child Health Society estimated the minimum food allowance for a family of five to be $8.50 a week, the Bureau of Unemployed Relief allows only $5 for groceries. The United Campaign for Relief raised $9,000,000. Mr. Biemiller said:

> Dr. Jacob Billikopf, director of the Federation of Jewish Charities, estimates the minimum to keep Philadelphia's unemployed from starving during the coming year is $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. J. Hampton Moore, Mayor-elect, has served notice that the city will give no appropriation for relief in 1932, and the State constitution specifically prohibits appropriations for direct outdoor relief, so for even the starvation minimum of $5 a week for the Relief Committee's estimated 75,000 families in want, Philadelphia would need at least $15,000,000 more.

An extraordinary similarity in conditions runs through the reports from every section of the country. Dr. Sidney E. Goldstein, chairman of unemployment of the City Affairs Committee of New York, speaking before a recent city appropriation of $5,000,000 had been passed, thus described a situation which this new fund will change only a little:

> New York will face a six months' wage loss of not less than $600,000,000 with a total unemployment-relief fund of $40,000,000. This means that we shall be able to take care of somewhere between 6 and 7 per cent of those who are out of work. It is difficult to hazard an estimate, but certainly every leader in close touch with the field will agree that fully 30 per cent of those who are out of work today are in need of assistance. In other words, we are prepared in New York, the richest city in the country, to relieve less than one-quarter of the burden of unemployment.

And so, we imagine, few of those whose contact with misery is closer than that of after-dinner speakers will reflect the comfort of soul exhibited by some of the patriotic gentlemen who have won the battle—as they fatuously dream—for charity as against direct and substantial federal help to the wretched millions.

Short Selling

THE recent defense of short selling by the president of the New York Stock Exchange, Richard Whitney, is intelligent and impressive. Analyzing the detailed statistics which the Exchange has recently collected on the amount of short selling in individual securities, Mr. Whitney points out that the fifteen stocks in which the greatest amount of short selling has occurred since May 25 are, for the most part, the very ones which have had comparatively the steadiest market and the narrowest price fluctuations in that period. None of the fifteen stocks which experienced the greatest decline in percentage of value in the same period, on the other hand, has had any sizable short interest in it. The greatest short interest in any stock for the period investigated was 406,000 shares in General Motors, the general market action of which has been comparatively steady. Even this maximum short interest, moreover, was less than 1 per cent of the total shares of General Motors outstanding. For the whole period of the investigation, short sales, Mr. Whitney concludes, have amounted to only 5 per cent of the total

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volume of sales. The rest represented genuine "liquidation."

These figures call for some comment. Assuming that Mr. Whitney is correct in his conclusion that short sales as a whole represent on an average only 5 per cent of total market transactions, the relative influence of short selling is considerably greater than such an average figure might imply to the uninitiated. For the short selling that occurs, as Mr. Whitney's own figures reveal, is not distributed equally over the list, but tends to be concentrated on a few "market leaders." As the action of these leaders commonly sets the tone for the whole market, if these leaders can be depressed on any day or over a series of days by concentrated short selling, the probability is that the whole market will be depressed. Thus on October 28, as Mr. Whitney admits, the short sales of United States Steel amounted to 24 per cent of the total selling of that stock. Again, the fact that the price fluctuations of the shares in which the greatest short interest existed were in general less erratic than those in which virtually no short interest existed does not in itself prove that the short selling was a factor making for stabilization. The causation is, in general, the other way round: most short selling tends to occur in those issues which already have the broadest and most active market, for these are the "market leaders." But while the statistics which the Stock Exchange has collected do not make out a positive case for short selling, they do make out an impressive negative case. They show that the short interest is in general very much less than had been generally assumed before the investigation was undertaken. And they certainly do not indicate that short selling is in itself an unsettling factor.

The case for short selling, however, is broader than any statistical one. It cannot be repeated too often that every short sale must eventually be completed by a repurchase, and that the purchase, or "covering," will tend to send prices up on an average to the same extent as the preceding short sales may have sent them down. Further, on days of severe panic, when a particularly disturbing piece of news has appeared, "short covering" may prove one of the few forces existing to check the decline. It is true that short sellers often circulate false rumors with the intention of undermining confidence in particular securities or in securities generally, but in that case it is the rumors that are vicious and not the selling. The prohibition of short selling would not in itself have the effect of stopping such rumors, for they are quite as often circulated by persons who have not sold short but merely wish to buy stock cheaply. Further, as "bulls" appear to outnumber "bears" by about twenty to one, it is safe to assume that there are on the average twenty times as many false rumors made to raise the price of stocks as there are rumors designed to depress them. Short selling, in the long run, is a stabilizing rather than an unstabilizing influence. Congress should not forget the disastrous consequences of the act of 1864—repealed three weeks after its passage—which forbade all sales of gold "futures," or the unfortunate effects of the trading restrictions forced on the Berlin bourse in 1896.

A prohibition of short selling, in brief, would be equivalent to tampering with the thermometer in a frigid house as a substitute for turning on the heat. Those Congressmen who are "unalterably opposed" to reducing the tariff or canceling a penny of the war debts are doing more to send the prices of stocks and bonds to lower levels than all the short sellers combined.

God's Book for God's People

THE newest translators of the Bible, whose "American" version,* at last complete, has just come off the presses, defend themselves by a quotation from the preface to the King James Version—which, as they point out in passing, was the third authorized version and a sixth revision.

> Most honoured be their name that breake the yce and give the onset vpon that which helpeth forward to the saving of soules. Now what can bee more auaileable thereto, than to deliuer Gods booke vnto Gods people in a tongue which they vnderstand? . . . For is the kingdome of God become words and syllables? Why should wee be in bondage to them if we may be free?

Those numerous persons to whom the Bible has become words and syllables—those persons, in brief, to whom it has become, as the phrase is, "literature"—will not be especially happy as they glance through the pages prepared with such care by Professors Smith, Goodspeed, Gordon, Meek, and Waterman. For the single aim of these scholars has been to make their translation accurate and intelligible. Lovers of the Bible as literature will find, for instance, that "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys" has become "I am a saffron of the plain, a hyacinth of the valleys"; that "the way of a man with a maid" has become "the way of a man with a woman"; that "through a glass darkly" has become "at a dim reflection in a mirror"; and that "the mote that is in thy brother's eye" is now merely "the speck in your brother's eye."

What comfort can be given these persons, with whom, we must confess, we have a good deal of sympathy? In the first place, of course, there is the possibility that the Chicago Bible will fail to drive out the one which we know and which hundreds of millions of readers have known during three hundred years. But if it succeeds, as it or another one like it probably will, what then? Well, the King James Version will still exist as "literature"—indeed, by existing purely as literature, in the way Shakespeare exists, it will be all the more precious because it is a private possession of the godless; let God's people make of their new book what they may. "Exactly," we can imagine the godless saying, "but what can they make of it? And is it not deplorable that a treasure-house of phrases, a whole folk literature of marvelous beauty and strength, should be destroyed?" The answers to that are many, and only time can make them. Time, for instance, may determine that the saffron of the plain is quite as potent a blossom as the rose of Sharon; or it may dry the rose and mysteriously preserve it on the lips of men who cannot know where it once flourished—or forget it.

A more significant answer than either of these is given, or implied, by the translators themselves when they speak of the need of an "intelligible" Bible. To the extent that the old Bible was unintelligible, had it not already become "literature"? The new one is eminently what it claims to be, readable. Let it be read, then, for the profit it can give. And let the old one still be read for pleasure.

* *The Bible: An American Translation.* University of Chicago Press. $3.50.

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Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

WHETHER Monsieur de Cambronne actually said what he was supposed to have said on that memorable afternoon of the eighteenth of June of the year 1815, when the Imperial Guard was asked to surrender, or whether he delivered himself of the magnificent platitude recorded in our schoolbooks, will probably always remain a mystery. For M. de Cambronne shortly afterwards married an English lady, and English ladies, a century ago, did not care for four-letter Anglo-Saxon words any more than their French cousins cared for five-letter French words of similar import.

But since this world is ruled by fairy tales and not by facts, the noble picture of Nicolas Charlet with its spurious inscription about the dying Guard will be remembered and revered long after everything else connected with Waterloo will have been forgotten.

Whether General Pershing, upon his arrival in Paris, saluted the grave of the great Marquis with the martial words, "La Fayette, nous sommes là," or whether, as others claim, he showed that Blücher was not the only famous soldier to make a career out of good strategy and bad grammar and announced his arrival by informing the ghost of our loyal ally that "nous sommes voilà," is another matter which I am willing to leave to the tender mercies of future historians, who will be as hard up for suitable Ph.D. subjects as we are ourselves. I, for one, incline to believe that he used the correct *là* and that *voilà* was an invention of some bright and "indispensable" young lad who fought the battle of St. Mihiel from the safe distance of the Potomac. I don't know what the military critics of the year 2031 (if any) will say about the campaigns of John Pershing, and to tell you the truth, I don't care, for I shall not be there to hear it. But to me, here and now contemplating this planet on a very murky day full of the rumors of war and unrest, Black Jack is one of the few military leaders who are rated AAA-1. His Supreme Commander gave him a job to do—he did it—then he came home and kept his mouth shut. Future Alexanders and Napoleons and Smedley Butlers please notice!

We now come to the year of grace 1931, and a little, swarthy man enters the White House. The attendants who guard the Holy Portals have been informed that he is the Premier of France and that they must not mistake him for a humble Oriental come to sell rugs. He is duly divested of his overcoat. He halts before the picture of the Father of His Country that graces the entrance hall. He bows low and whispers, "La faillite, nous sommes là."

The merry Grandi chaser has almost made us forget the doleful dreariness of the French mission, which somehow or other refused to click. A little elementary English in the grammar schools of France would on the whole increase the effectiveness of that country's statesmen and diplomats in dealing with modern nations and modern conditions. We can't after all blame Mr. Hoover for not having learned any tongue but his own. He was too busy acquiring the rudiments of the engineering profession to devote much time to outside reading. But M. Laval had a whole week on the Ile de France, and the purser of that excellent *paquebot* is a master of the Anglo-Saxon tongues as he is an accomplished virtuoso of all the other graces that go with his high office. I can no longer afford to ride on his little barge and therefore I won't be suspected of trying to get the imperial suite for the price of an inside tourist third on my next pilgrimage to that promontory of Asia which used to be called the Continent of Europe. But a liberal sprinkling of pursers and headwaiters among the diplomatic corps of this and all other countries would make the machinery of international good-will run with an oily smoothness it has never known since that field of patriotic endeavor was abjectly surrendered to automobile magnates and wholesale plumbers with socially ambitious wives.

"Son Excellence Monsieur le Baron Georges d'Algonquin, Envoyé Extraordinaire et Ministre Plénipotentiare des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique"—and after five minutes' conversation the President of France, the tears running down his whiskers, has promised to send us at least one dollar on account of his country's war debt before January 1, 1941.

These serious meditations, however, are not merely the result of my recent philological reflections. They were inspired by reading the news sheets of the last two weeks and by the shock I got when I caught up with the European press and realized how gloriously the propaganda mills continue to grind—more than a dozen years after they were supposed to have been demolished together with the last of the great German arsenals and military schools. Undoubtedly we get more foreign news than we ever got before. Even the biscuit-shooters of the Kansas plains now know that all is not well in the innermost circles of the august family that rules the broad oil fields of the old land of Dacia, and the superpatriots of the Superior Lake districts are beginning to become aware of the fact that Russia, although no longer ruled by the Romanov family, is at least possessed of a first semblance of an "established form of government." But though barrels of money are wasted on cable tales and "special stories," the true meaning of the events which are rapidly turning Europe into a battlefield between the red- and black-shirted disciples of Karl Marx is still kept carefully hidden from him whom the organizers of the Presidential Relief Committee have so charmingly baptized Mr. John K. American.

I have been puzzling a great deal about that "K." I thought at first it might have something to do with "kidding" or the "katabolism" which is sure to make itself felt if we continue to feed millions of people the ill-balanced rations of the unemployed. But now I have got it. The "K" stands for Know-Nothing.

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"She's Not Holding Up Her End!"

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Congress, Debts, and Bankers

An Appeal to Reason

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE House of Representatives having voted by 317 to 100 for the bill to authorize the moratorium to our foreign governmental creditors promised by President Hoover last summer, the Senate is also engaged in passing it. That is right and proper. It settles the question whether Congress will or will not approve the President's action. Unfortunately, the bill contains a proviso flatly rejecting the idea of the cancelation or reduction of Europe's debts to the United States.

This is sheer folly. For one thing, no one can foresee what the European situation will be three months or a year or two years from now. For another, the gravity of the European situation which led President Hoover to proclaim the moratorium is unchanged. As these words are written, dispatches from Washington announce that President Hoover has just communicated to a number of the House leaders at breakfast "a very black picture of conditions in Central Europe." The truth is that Germany is still on the verge of collapse, and the economic fate of England is as closely allied with that of the Reich as it was during the events of July and August last. As things stand, Germany will not be able to resume reparations payments at the end of the moratorium—it must never be forgotten that she has made payments heretofore solely with money borrowed abroad—and England, for one, will not be able to continue to pay debts to us if the money she received from Berlin and Paris fails to arrive. As long as debts and reparations stand in the way, it will not be possible to rehabilitate the shattered nerves and restore to balance the psychology of Europe. Until this question is settled, the normal processes of trade cannot recur. As long as debts and reparations continue on the books of the nations, they will form a barrier to the recovery of our own country over which no tide of returning prosperity can easily flow. As long, moreover, as the Congress demands that debts must be paid, and continues to maintain high tariffs so that our debtors can pay us only, or chiefly, in gold, there will continue to be a heaping up of that metal in the vaults of the United States Treasury. There it will further upset the equilibrium of trade, and make difficult the return of the world to the gold standard—twenty-three nations are now not operating on that standard. As long as the Congress continues our tariffs at the height at which they are, it will make increasingly difficult the payment of the debts if they can be paid at all.

It is therefore folly, I repeat, for Congress to tie its hands now, or to lay down any rigid rules for the Administration to follow. That it is extraordinarily difficult in these hard times for Congress to contemplate the renunciation of debts which were incurred by the debtors in good faith at a time when the getting of money meant victory or an immediately negotiated peace, is perfectly true, as is the fact that we have already made substantial reductions, so substantial that in the case of Italy the debt payment to the United States is only 0.6 per cent of the annual budgetary expenditures. But this is a topsy-turvy world, and it is a fact that the payment of reparations money has been doing injury to our business life by unsettling trade in the debtor nations and introducing into it an economic factor not created by the normal processes of give and take in international barter. It is not to be denied that Nicholas Murray Butler had considerable truth on his side when he said that the receipt of these moneys is actually helping to drive prosperity out of the homes of American workingmen and women. And of what avail are payments to the United States when those reimbursements are achieved only by our lending money to Germany with which, after passing through another set of hands, the payments are made to us?

But, I hear it said, the Allies are perfectly able to pay if they will stop wasting money on armaments, and in other directions. We have seen a Machiavellian campaign in the *Saturday Evening Post,* given tremendous circulation through the notorious Chemical Foundation, to prove that Germany has been deliberately wasting her money on unnecessary municipal and other expenditures for which she borrowed large sums from abroad for the express purpose of so involving the United States and other lenders of money with her domestic economy as to be able to enlist the international bankers in her campaign to get rid of her reparations obligations. I would not deny that there is capacity to pay in Germany and the Allied nations. As to the former, I wrote that from Germany last winter (*The Nation,* January 28, 1931). But the question was then and is now whether the United States should compel the payment of these debts at the cost of a steadily decreasing scale of living, at the cost of misery and suffering which in turn make for the general instability and unhappiness of Europe, factors which in themselves work against the restoration of normal trade conditions. It is undeniable that the countries that owe us money could readily pay us if they would only stop some of the insensate waste of money on armaments. I have always favored our country's insisting upon a substantial reduction in armaments as a prerequisite of the cancelation of the debt of any country, though it would hardly be decent for the United States to demand that without some action on its side, when our own governmental appropriations for army and navy run up to $775,000,000, when influential members of Congress are demanding the building up of our fleet to treaty limits.

But these are details, important as they may seem. The vital fact is that *the whole world stands on the brink of the gravest economic disaster in all history.* Beside that everything sinks into relative insignificance. The menace of that collapse is so great that the debts seem of relatively slight importance. If Europe crashes, we of the United States shall lose so much money as to make the debts seem a bagatelle. We shall lose it by the collapse of foreign trade, the inability of foreigners to travel in this country, their inabil-

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ity to pay private debts, in a dozen different direct and indirect ways. That is the real choice which is offered to the Congress. When in the face of that it undertakes to bind the hands of the Executive, it should remember that with Europe prostrate the United States cannot possibly recover by itself, Herbert Hoover to the contrary notwithstanding. That superficial gentleman has injured his own case for a liberal international settlement by telling the Congress that we could pretty nearly recover no matter what happened in Europe—a marked contrast to his own assertion that the reason we are suffering from the depression is the unfavorable effect upon us of the European economic misadventures. We do not mean to suggest that the President should have the right to settle these matters by himself; but he should be free to negotiate, to keep in touch with the heads of other countries, and to make recommendations for immediate action in case of emergency. The Congressional vote may be taken as barring him from that.

Instead, however, of a clear realization of the gravity of the European situation, and the unalterable fact that we are involved in it and cannot hope to escape from it unless we are willing to make substantial sacrifices, the whole issue is being confused by this question of capacity to pay of the individual countries, by bringing up the false charges of an international conspiracy to rob us of what is rightfully ours, and by the assertion of Senator Reed that the issue is whether the "private claims of some American citizens should be given priority over the intergovernmental claims which are the claims of all American citizens. . . ." The latter sentiment finds expression in the violent and outrageous utterances of Representative McFadden, who has not only accused President Hoover of selling his country out to German interests, but has laid at the door of certain bankers in the United States, notably so admirable, wise, and patriotic a citizen and banker as Paul M. Warburg, the responsibility for suborning the President and engineering the campaign to get rid of governmental debts so that those bankers who have loaned a lot of money to Germany may be rescued at the expense of all their fellow-citizens.

Fortunately, such violent absurdities defeat themselves. I am more concerned with what seems the disposition on the part of certain of the Progressive Senators, who are and have been righteously alert to the unfavorable influences of international bankers upon our relations to other countries, to swallow the doctrine that the whole situation of the world has been brought to pass by these international bankers and by the Germans, so that the latter and our Allies might escape just responsibility for their debts. It is with them that I should like to reason. I should like to point out to them that in this case the wishes of the international bankers coincide with what is for the very best interests of all the peoples concerned. I should like to remind them that the liberal journals in this country, both daily and weekly, have been pointing out for at least ten years the impossibility of collecting these payments from Europe. These journals are not the mouthpieces of the international bankers. More than that, it is time to point out to them that the leaders of the Labor Party in England have been for years certain that payments could not go on, that there must be a complete remission of debts and reparations; surely no one will charge the Labor Party with having been a tool of the international bankers—did it not break with MacDonald in the last election because, for one reason, it refused to accept banking dictation? Again, if the Progressives in the House and the Senate could travel abroad they would find that wherever men thought their thoughts, and talked their talk about the rights of the plain people against the modern control of economic and political life by great capitalistic influences, those men would be foremost in asserting that there must be a cancelation of the debts and reparations which, day by day, create bitternesses, hostility, and hatreds, and add to the moral and mental unsettlement of the world.

There lies before me a pamphlet entitled "The Crisis," by Ernest Bevin and G. D. H. Cole, two of the foremost and more radical leaders of the Labor Party. No one could possibly accuse them of being willing to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the international bankers—since the recent election Mr. Cole has come out with a demand that Great Britain immediately socialize its entire banking system. What do they say in their pamphlet? "Complete cancelation of war debts and reparations is the first obvious step toward the recovery of world equilibrium." Elsewhere they speak of "this farce of war debts and reparations." And they declare that "it is plain to any rational person that Germany and other debtor countries are burdened with international obligations which they can never possibly meet." It is no exaggeration to say that these are the views of the democratic forces in all the countries involved.

The only question is whether the United States will be big enough and broad enough to make what is on its face an unquestioned sacrifice. It is a widespread belief among men of the highest economic standing that the United States would actually profit in dollars and cents by cancelation. It would not be difficult to demonstrate the soundness of their view statistically. Our national income in 1929 was estimated to be approximately $90,000,000,000. The latest statistics published by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York show that industry and trade are running at more than 25 per cent below the level of normal years. These statistics indicate on their face a loss of not less than $22,000,000,000 in our annual national income. Compared with this, our receipts from the war debts are only $240,000,000—barely more than 1 per cent of this loss through demoralization in world trade. But even supposing that the sacrifice should be great, the simple truth is that the world cannot be set on its feet again unless every country is ready to make some sacrifice. By setting the example the United States would be in a position to demand that others do likewise. It should also heartily join in the proposal of Ramsay MacDonald for an international economic conference, yet if that economic conference should come to pass, the first question that would come up would be the question of the cancelation of war debts and reparations, as well as the reduction of tariffs, and the question of raising and stabilizing the world level of wholesale prices. Indeed, there is no possible way of approach to the world's problem which would not involve cancelation. The handwriting is on the wall. Signs of the collapse of the existing order are on every hand. There is very little time left. If the Congress takes the position that there cannot now or at any future time be a revaluation of these debts, a scaling down and ultimate cancelation of them, then it will bring the impending disaster in Europe and America within sight, and will insure losses all over the world that will make reparations and debts seem the merest trifles.

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Lynchings, Fears, and Folkways

By HOWARD W. ODUM

A READING of recent lynching records in "Lynchings and What They Mean," the report of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, recalls two elementary points of emphasis in the late Professor Giddings's theory of the evolution and behavior of human society. One of these points of emphasis was that the second most important objective of all social education is the emancipation of the human mind from fear, the first objective being akin to it —namely, the development of faith and confidence in fellow-beings in the social order and in the immediate social environment through which growth and development are conditioned. "One of the most significant characteristics of civilization," he said, "quite distinct from barbarism and other savagery, is the diminution of fear." And again, when fear is rampant, "the whole life of man has dropped back to a lower level."

The other point of Giddings's recalled by a reading of the records concerning lynching—this "deadly harm and deadly injury" to human society—relates to effective laws and their enforcement.

> With all our government activities [wrote Professor Giddings], all our legislation, everything we think we are doing with the power and finality and precision of government and law, . . . we discover that we are not doing it at all, that we get no result from it whatever unless we get the backing, the cooperation, and the loyal fulfilment of our wishes in and through the folkways. Every time, the folkways will defeat the stateways if they are against the stateways. . . . I have been unable to find any instance in history in which a law, a governmental enactment, has won its way against the folkways.

These are not only important considerations to note at this time but they reflect two basic explanations of the situation as revealed in this study of recent American lynchings, which clearly indicates the problem to be a Southern and an interracial one. These basic points of theory interpret also the tragic consequences of lynching to the South, to the white man, to the Negro, and to the nation. Approximately 95 per cent of all lynchings in the United States during the last five-year period were in the Southern States, and nearly 90 per cent of the lynchings were mob murders of Negroes. There has been a very marked decrease in lynchings from about 187 cases a year during the late nineties to an average of less than 17 in the five years preceding 1930; but with an increase to 21 cases in 1930, and again a decrease in 1931. In the decade before 1899 the South's proportion of lynchings was 82 per cent, and in the decade from 1919 to 1929 it was more than 95 per cent. The States having the largest number of lynchings were Mississippi, Georgia, Texas, and Louisiana, while the highest rate of lynching per ten thousand of Negro population was in Florida, Oklahoma, and Arkansas. In the States with dense Negro population the rate is least in the old black-belt counties, and the Negro is most in danger in sparsely settled areas and in newly developed territory.

In many of the lynchings there has been doubt as to the guilt of the persons lynched. This was true of more than three-fifths of those lynched in 1931, and while no complete study has been made of the last thirty years, it is evident that something of the same tragic double travesty has appeared. In addition to this there have been frequent attempts on the part of whites to fasten crimes of their own on Negroes by false accusations or by impersonating Negroes at the time of committing the crime, especially of robbery. Some of the mobs displayed unbelievable extremes of savagery. Their behavior was reminiscent of primitive orgy, maniacal frenzy, and holy combat. Burning, cutting, shooting, dragging of the body through the streets, disfiguring and dismembering the victim—surely such actions are a vivid demonstration of "the whole life of man dropping back to a lower level."

What do these facts, and many others as well, mean as far as the phenomenon of lynching in the Southern States is concerned? We assume various causes and irritants, such as economic competition and depressions, racial animosities and prejudices, lack of education, ignorance and limited social experience, a high crime rate for both Negroes and whites, elements of frontier society, and general historical background. But these exist in other regions without producing the same tragic results. We turn naturally, then, to inquire into special regional elements which, merging with these other factors, have produced these results.

First we come to the elemental factor of fear with its many ramifications. It is not primarily that the South is traditionally afraid of Negro domination. It might seem logical to assign this as an important factor in those regions where the Negro predominates numerically and where conceivably he might become master of voting and of control. But these regions are not the only ones where lynchings occur or where the most barbaric anti-social conduct is found. What, therefore, are the other phases of the fear-force which condition the region for this particular sort of anti-social behavior? It seems apparent that the general fear which lies at the basis of the lynching phenomenon involves many other features. The Negro is troublesome to our peace of mind, though we do not quite know how or why. He is making a great deal of progress in many different ways. He may become a different sort of person from what we now think he ought to be. He may become an intimate part of our civilization and culture. He may really be our equal. We may really be wrong in our estimates of him. We fear what will happen in the future. He has to be kept in his place. We are not really afraid of the Negro himself. We are afraid of the prospect. Our thought of it is beyond the control of anything except our emotional conditioning. What are we going to do about it? We are uneasy. But we let things drift along, and when something happens, the easiest way is the way of violence and emotional debauch. And we struggle with fear and misgivings and rage that we should get into such a fix. And the Negro must pay.

And then we are afraid of what we have done. Our conscience is the conscience of a religious people. It is written that we must protect our women and our race. It is written that the Negro is a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Written or not written, we have done right and will stand by it and see that the sacred whiteness of our race shall not

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be violated. We are dangerous to those who oppose us. We are hostile to those who reason. We are afraid, and it makes us mad.

Of this fear the great body of people who are horrified at lynching are afraid. In our turn, we are afraid to protest. We are afraid to legislate. We are afraid to enforce law and liberty. We are afraid to teach. We are afraid to preach. Afraid of the public, afraid of the demagogue, and, deep down, rationalizing amid the fear of fears, we are afraid to do anything. There are practically no exceptions. Teacher, preacher, doctor, lawyer, business man, farmer, laborer, artist and craftsman, writer of poems, dreamer of dreams—we are all afraid. Among the Negroes fear, a normal conditioning factor of life, becomes stark terror. The Negroes are afraid to do anything. Why shouldn't they be afraid?

What is being done about it? Why can't more be done about it? The fear which militates against vigorous protest and action is of course a product of the folkways. *"Every time,* the folkways will defeat the stateways if they are against the stateways." The special report on lynchings says: "The lynching method is a recognized custom in many communities. Hence, church members and civic leaders, instead of taking a determined stand against mob violence, often yield to it either by silence or by apology." What the outside observer does not see is that the folkways are so strong that the enforcement of law by local or State forces would mean literally civil war in the community. The folkways have ruled continuously since the days of reconstruction. Progress is being made but it is in proportion as the folkways are being changed by education, publicity, civic appeal, and courageous leadership. One-half of the Negroes who have been lynched never got to the law; one-fourth never got as far as the jail; and one-fourth were taken from custody of the jail. Many lynchings have been prevented by officials and citizens and these are evidence of changing folkways and the diminution of fear. For what has been done and the reasons that no more has been done, I quote the report:

> Although a few lynchers have been indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced, the courts usually deal with them in the most perfunctory fashion. Between 1922 and 1926 grand juries investigated seventeen lynchings and indicted 146 persons. In 1922 ten were sent to the penitentiary; the next year two; in 1924 five were given jail sentences; the next year five received suspended sentences, one was put in jail, and fifteen were given indeterminate sentences of six months on the chain gang to eight years in the penitentiary; in 1926 eight were given sentences of four years, and a ninth a life sentence.
>
> Of 1930's twenty-one lynchings, investigations resulted in grand-jury indictments of lynchers in five instances, forty-nine persons being indicted. In only one case, that of the second lynching near Thomasville, Georgia, were the lynchers dealt with as murderers. Here, life sentences were given two young white men. Not one of the lynchers indicted at Marion, Walhalla, or Chickasha was convicted. To date (October 15, 1931) but two of the Sherman lynchers have been convicted, one for arson, the other for rioting, each with a two-year sentence.
>
> Although it is doubtless a good omen that courts investigate some of the lynchings, and that from year to year a few indictments are brought against the participants, with an occasional sentence, thus far lynchers have been comparatively safe from indictment and conviction. This immunity has been due to the lack of a disapproving public opinion and to the fact that State authorities have seldom made effective efforts to prosecute in such cases.

A third regional element which seems to enter into the situation is that of the high homicide rate in the South and especially in certain cities and counties. The report of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching pointed out the seasonal fluctuations in lynchings, with July, August, and June showing the largest number. This coincides with H. C. Brearley's study of homicide in the South. Furthermore, many murders of Negroes have been committed in such a way as to lead some students of the problem to classify them as in reality lynchings. There are those who affirm that one reason for the low rate of lynchings in the densely settled Negro areas is the custom there of murder by one or more individuals rather than by mob action, which is deemed unnecessary. The rate of murder reflects a lack of respect for human life and personality which gives rise to the accusation that murder is in the way of receiving institutional sanction in the South. The general "unwritten law," its special application to the Negro, and other "justifiable" grounds for homicide challenge the South to take stock anew of its prospects and tendencies.

Lynching attains none of the ends for which it has been defended. It proves no superiority. It clarifies no issues. It brings no happiness. It adds nothing to the richness of human living or the development of social personality. It accentuates devastating fear. It sets the folkways over against the stateways in lawless revolt. It cheapens human life and lessens respect for human liberty and personality. It defeats the ends of justice. It violates all the better traditions of Southern honor and ideals. It sets the strong brutally over against the weak. It negates the South's claim for excellence and genius in the science of politics. Its cost is frightful in money and in men. It drains off energies and resources. It blackens the reputation of every State. It cripples a race and handicaps a region. It intensifies racial animosities, isolates a section, sets people against people, and retards a wholesome integration of national culture.

Tell Me, God

By VIRGINIA MOORE

Tell me, God, what am I to do
When two opposites are true?
When the straight stick in water is a crook
And speech in anger wiser than a book?
When a face looks beautiful and whole
And is the mask of an aborted soul
Tied on with strings? God, how do you
Tell the almost from the true?
Tell love from hatred when they mix
As if from conscious tricks?
Tell which is better, that or this
Way of life, whose bait is bliss,
When sternly, though the spirit sighs,
The one the other one denies?
What hope, idea, or memory
Is unequivocal and free
As sunlight falling on a tree?

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Milking the Utilities

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

SEVERAL days ago controlling interest in the Green Mountain Power Corporation of Vermont was sold at public auction in New York City. The records show no other case of a utility company actually making a profit being knocked down to the highest bidder at a public sale. This extraordinary transaction was the sequel—though not necessarily the final consequence—of one of the most brazen attempts on the part of a holding company to milk an operating utility that has thus far been revealed. The milking process was discovered by the Public Service Commission of Vermont when the Green Mountain Power Corporation sought permission to issue bonds to the value of $322,000. Whatever may be the record of regulatory bodies in other States, the Vermont commission demonstrated in its disposition of this case that it was both willing and able to protect the public interest.

In November of this year the Green Mountain company presented an amended petition for authority to issue the bonds in question. Evidence was offered to show that the company had made extensions and improvements to its plant to the value of $844,200.24, bringing its net security and equity assets to $17,261,947.83 as of June 30. The commission found that of this total, $362,967.83 "represents the amount for which no securities have yet been authorized by this commission." If the company's statement of its financial position was correct, an additional $322,000 in securities could safely be authorized, as there then would "still be $40,967.83 margin above all bonds and stock approved by this commission." But the commissioners found that "this statement does not include in either assets or liabilities $692,547.73 advances made by the petitioner to its holding company, the Peoples Light and Power Corporation, a Delaware corporation, or $36,100.30 discount and expense on an issue of short-term gold notes, or $5,625 interest accrued, or $1,500,000 liability of petitioner on said notes."

At the time of the hearing the Green Mountain company was controlled through ownership of all its common stock by Peoples Light, which in its turn was a subsidiary of the Tri-Utilities Corporation. E. C. Deal was president of both Peoples Light and Green Mountain. Members of the boards of both companies included Mr. Deal, L. O. Gordon, J. F. Doetsch, and D. L. McDaniel, all of New York City. Bankers interested in the companies were likewise represented on both boards, but by different individuals in each case. The only Vermont residents on the board of Green Mountain were Ralph N. Hill and F. E. Gleason. Vermont was not represented at all in the holding company.

On December 1, 1930, the Green Mountain company issued one-year gold notes to the amount of $1,500,000 "without the consent of this commission as required by General Laws 4,981." However, the commission suggested in its report that the company might still have been within its rights had the proceeds of the sale of the notes been used "only to provide a means for temporary financing of legitimate and present corporate needs." The prospectus describing the note issue said the proceeds would be used "toward the retirement of unfunded debt, for additions and betterments, and for other corporate purposes." As a matter of fact, the commission found that the "Green Mountain Power Corporation loaned without security to Peoples Light and Power Corporation $660,367.89 of the proceeds of said issue on the last-named corporation's demand note dated December 1, 1930, and that $27,719.46 additional was advanced to Peoples Light and Power Corporation on open account." This loan, the commission's report asserted, "was clearly *ultra vires* and had no relation whatever to furthering the corporate purposes of this Vermont operating company. Such a transaction runs counter to the basic principle of regulation of public utilities in order that the credits, bonds and stocks, rates, and service of these companies may be protected by the State in the interest of the people."

More interesting is the manner in which the transaction was negotiated. On December 1 Directors Gordon, McDaniel, and Doetsch, who were on the boards of both companies, "decided without any formal directors' meeting or legal advice" to make the transfer of funds from the operating to the holding company. "This was done," the report continued, "without the consent of the bankers who negotiated the sale of the $1,500,000 notes on the representation of Green Mountain that the proceeds were required to raise funds for its 1931 construction budget and other corporate purposes." At the same time a similar loan of $300,000 was negotiated by Peoples Light from the Arizona Edison Company, another of its subsidiaries. Other directors, including the banking representatives, did not learn of the Green Mountain–Peoples transaction until July or August of this year. An attempt was subsequently made to pledge the common stock of the Arizona Edison Company as security for the Green Mountain loan, but upon examining the balance sheet of the Arizona company the Vermont commission determined that "this stock was worthless." The commission therefore withheld its approval of the original petition with regard to the projected $322,000 bond issue.

On November 5 President Deal and other officials argued before the commission that the acceptance by the Green Mountain board on the previous day of a note of the Texas Public Service Company for $619,514.52 to the Peoples company, indorsed by Peoples to Green Mountain, had liquidated the debt of Peoples to Green Mountain. Of this transaction the commission said:

> We know nothing about the Texas company except that it is also a subsidiary of Peoples and that Mr. Deal is its president. Under the law of Texas neither its Railroad Commission nor any other State agency has jurisdiction over this company. Under the exigencies of the situation caused by its own illegal act Green Mountain has seen fit to accept this note, but under all the circumstances of this case this does not warrant this commission in consenting to the issue of these bonds. On the record of the means employed by Peoples to obtain notes from its operating companies, we are not favorably impressed with this transaction.

The commission likewise criticized the consolidated

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balance sheet of Peoples Light and Power Corporation, and found that "Peoples is in financial difficulties." It furthermore pointed out that the Tri-Utilities Corporation was in receivership, and was in process of being reorganized by "certain banking interests." The report continued:

> We find that the Vermont directors, Hill and Gleason, knew nothing about this loan from Green Mountain to Peoples until some time in August. These officials and their subordinates have worked loyally and efficiently for the petitioner. The pity of this situation is that their efforts have been seriously affected by the domination and exploitation of this operating company by their New York associates. Vermont utilities have no need of such exploitation, which, if not checked, may ultimately be felt in rates and service. . . . It may be for the courts to decide whether or not this loan to Peoples by Green Mountain was the result of an unlawful conspiracy. The consequences may be far-reaching.

In denying the Green Mountain company the right to issue bonds to the value of $322,000, the commission also canceled authority previously given the company to sell other stocks and bonds, as yet unissued, to the value of $405,160. "This $727,160 reduction of potential liabilities," the report concluded, "is some $39,000 in excess of the unauthorized loan by the petitioner to the Peoples Light and Power Corporation. This is the only method now open to us to safeguard and increase the security for the bonds and stock now issued." The report was signed by Commissioners Henry B. Shaw and Stephen S. Cushing.

"Red" Unions and the A. F. of L.

By FELIX MORROW

IT is a little over two years since the Communists decided for independent leadership in the trade unions and took the lead in organizing the Trade Union Unity League out of the elements gathered together in the Trade Union Educational League. The latter had been organized by William Z. Foster in 1921 as a rallying point for all progressives and radicals who favored industrial and democratic unionism and were positively opposed to the A. F. of L. officialdom. Its policy was to organize anti-administration groups within the old unions. The Communists and their sympathizers kept aloof from the T.U.E.L. until 1922, when Foster declared for affiliation with the international Communist movement. During the next few years it became clear that an aggressive opposition movement within the old unions could not protect its radical leaders and active members from being expelled. The irritated administrations in every union in which the T.U.E.L. was active—United Mine Workers, Fur Workers, Ladies' Garment Workers, Carpenters Union, Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and so on—resorted to the weapon of expulsion, as, with the growth of its forces, the T.U.E.L. shifted from penetration through propaganda to a struggle for outright control of the union machinery.

By 1928 the only anti-administration elements who were still countenanced in the old unions were the progressives and Socialists, who had dissociated themselves from their pre-war policy of "boring from within for control" and substituted a policy of gradual education. This was scarcely enough for Foster and the T.U.E.L. Although he had led a fight to turn the old I. W. W. from its policy of dual unionism, he now reached the conclusion that working exclusively within the old unions had been made impossible by the wholesale expulsion of his followers. Moreover, during his leadership of the great steel strike of 1919 he had learned to his cost that the paramount task of organizing the unorganized was not to be accomplished with the aid of the A. F. of L. Consequently, in 1929 there was issued a call for a new organization of trade unions, and the Trade Union Unity League was formed.

The Socialists and progressives had been scared away from the Trade Union Educational League by its declaration for affiliation with the international Communist movement, and they also kept away from the T.U.U.L. They were by now principally organized about Brookwood Labor College, in the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, led by A. J. Muste, and were generally referred to as the Musteites. It may be interesting to summarize their criticisms of the T.U.U.L., as presented at its inception in their organ, the *Labor Age,* by a young Socialist student, Louis Stanley. The T.U.U.L. was pronounced to be right (1) "in concentrating its attention upon the specific industries," (2) "in going after the rank-and-file workers," (3) "in stressing the importance of women, youth, and the Negro," (4) "in seeking to organize the unorganized," (5) "in emphasizing the failings of capitalism and the vision of a better social order," (6) "in teaching the necessity for international solidarity." The T.U.U.L. was declared wrong (1) "in abandoning the old unions" ("perhaps the old unions are not hopelessly under the control of so-called reactionaries"), (2) "in its analysis of the economic situation" ("it is doubtful whether the American worker, despite sporadic outbursts here and there, is prepared for a revolutionary program containing appeals which are foreign to his experience and otherwise lacking in interest to him. . . . It is doubtful furthermore, whether the T.U.U.L. has the personnel to carry on its ambitious program . . . Has it the leadership to reach these objectives, has it the money, has it the ability to adapt itself to changing situations? Has it weighed all the obstacles?"). Finally the T.U.U.L. was declared wrong in "isolating itself from other militant workers by submitting to the dictatorship of the Communist Party."

The answer of the T.U.U.L. to the first of these objections is that the wholesale expulsions of militants made the creation of independent unions necessary and unavoidable, and that if the progressives appeal to the fact that they were able to remain within the unions, that only proves that they either were not active enough or were really not opposed to the reactionaries. The succeeding objections are said merely to reflect an attitude which Lenin called "tailism"—waiting for the masses to become revolutionary instead of teaching them by their experiences in strikes. "The practical organizer who complains of shortage

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of people in such conditions cannot see the wood for the trees, admits that he is blinded by events, that it is not he, the revolutionary, who dominates them . . . but they who are dominating him or have overwhelmed him." As for the dictatorship by the Communist Party, the T.U.U.L. denies this. Politically, it acts with the Communist Party; in the economic field, it declares it acts independently. It is not the fault of the T.U.U.L. that the progressives will not accept its program of class against class.

More pertinent criticisms than these may be made of the T.U.U.L. record. An analysis of the difficulties and setbacks it has met discloses a series of errors. The recent Resolution of the Trade Union Unity League (*Daily Worker,* November 11) offers a clear analysis of the causes of many of the defeats and declares that mistakes have been continually repeated. But this fact is to be explained by the sheer difficulty of the situation confronting the T.U.U.L. Mistakes are repeated, not because the strike leaders do not know better, but because the line where correct tactics end and error begins is at many points in practice almost unrecognizable. The errors actually committed can be understood only in relation to these tactics.

The present T.U.U.L. policy in strikes is "the united front from below." This method was designed to prevent isolation of the militant workers from their less conscious fellows, a result which had occurred earlier when they were still in the old unions by their suppression or expulsion, later by their calling independent strikes without making adequate attempts to unite with other workers. The aim of the united front is to build up the radical unions by participation with members of other unions in strikes, during the course of which it is to be demonstrated to them that the T.U.U.L. is capable of leading, knows the right tactics, and formulates the right demands, and that the other unions are incapable and corrupt. Specifically, the united front means that the strike is to be carried on by a committee whose members are elected not by the unions participating in the strike, but by the rank and file in the individual shops or mines. Thus, each shop may elect a committeeman for every twenty-five strikers. On such a basis, the T.U.U.L. argues, no one can claim that it is seizing leadership. The strike belongs to the rank and file, and the function of the T.U.U.L. is to offer them correct tactics and experienced organizers.

This is the united-front theory. Hitherto, however, it has worked only in part; the T.U.U.L. and the Communists themselves say the reason is that it has not been pushed whole-heartedly. There are other reasons, too. In every strike which has also been participated in by other unions, the conservatives have retained control over most of their members and refused to permit them to elect delegates to the United Front Strike Committee; A. F. of L. officialdom takes no chance of its membership coming in contact with T.U.U.L. organizers. This means that the United Front Strike Committee from the first is isolated from a large part of the strikers, an isolation which mass meetings, delegations to the conservative union members, circulation of common strike demands, and infectious contagion by T.U.U.L. members have not been able to overcome. The chief element drawn into the united front, then, is the unorganized workers. And these often elect as their shop delegates regular T.U.U.L. organizers, because, having no previous trade-union experience, they feel they have no leadership among them; they are encouraged in this by some organizers (despite strict orders from the T.U.U.L. to draw in new blood) who want to be sure to control the tactics of the United Front Strike Committee.

Thus, in the pursuit of the correct policy of the united front, arise the errors which lead to failures. The disproportionate number of T.U.U.L. men and sympathizers on the strike committee means, generally, that the committees have little notion what changes of attitude are taking place among the large body of "wage-conscious" strikers. As the T.U.U.L. resolution says of the recent mine strikes, "The back-to-work movement was already very strong, while the strike leadership was still slow to recognize the extent of this." Similarly, the desire to show the strikers that the T.U.U.L. and the United Front Strike Committee are incomparably more militant than their rivals leads often to a lack of realism in formulating specific demands and to slowness in modifying them, making individual settlements, or getting some partial advantages before a strike disintegrates. So true is this that it is amazing to find the Musteite *Labor Age* asserting the contrary—that in the recent Paterson silk strike they were forced to close their strike because the radical National Textile Workers Union was making individual settlements below the union scale. From my own observation of the Paterson strike I should say that in no case have the T.U.U.L. leaders been more inflexible and less ready to make partial settlements; and I do not say this as a compliment. The same strike exemplified another typical error resulting from the same desire to demonstrate the superior militancy of the radicals; inadequate preparation and practically no relief organization resulted in defeat.

Thus have secretarian tendencies—insufficient delegation of active work to non-union strike elements, failure to make adequate appeals to members of other unions, precipitate action—often defeated the purposes for which the united-front policy was designed. It should be made plain, however, that most cases adduced of T.U.U.L. failure to achieve the united front are not so clear-cut as they may seem. It would be superficially effective to quote critics such as those of the Communist opposition, who, during the miners' strike this summer, wrote that the united front was not being carried out, that the National Miners Union was bent on hegemony at all costs. What any T.U.U.L. union really should have done in any specific instance is not, however, so easy to prove. For example, in the situation of which the critics spoke the facts were these: Repudiating the Lewis machine and the disintegrating United Mine Workers, an apparently large number of the miners in Pennsylvania and Ohio had sent delegates to a rank-and-file convention called to discuss the next move. The leading figure in the convention, to whom a large body of delegates looked for guidance, was Edmundson, a former ally of the discredited Lewis. The Communists accused him of still being a Lewis man, now merely working of necessity under cover, and at the opening of the convention distributed circulars attacking him. This antagonizing move, according to the critics, was one of the main causes of the convention's vote against sending delegates to a National Miners Union united-front conference. All that the vote proved, however, was that Edmundson was in control of the convention. Suppose that the Communists had not attacked Edmundson, and that the

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convention, controlled by his group, had entered into a united front with the N.M.U. If Edmundson is a Lewis man, what value would such a united front have? Certainly the T.U.U.L. is right in insisting that the united front which they enter must be one of class struggle or it is worse than no unity at all.

The errors, real or supposed, which I have been discussing provide common ground for discussion with the T.U.U.L. and Communists, who are themselves continually fighting against them. They should be sharply distinguished from errors adduced by conservatives and progressives, based on such assumptions as that the radicals should never have left the old unions, or that a united front need not necessarily be of the rank and file but may be of the constituent unions. Such objections have no validity unless the prior assumptions can be substantiated; and the previous record of the Trade Union Educational League gives at least reasonable grounds for considering them dubious.

Perhaps the chief of these objections, and certainly the most damaging in its effect on workers torn between the A. F. of L. and the radical unions, is the charge that the Communists and the T.U.U.L. are not interested in winning the day-to-day demands of their members, that they confuse a trade union with a political party and lay the main stress upon ultimate issues. This charge has been lent color by the inflexibility of the radicals in formulating and modifying demands. It is, however, a pre-war cry of the moderate Socialists against Daniel De Leon and his Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, which did neglect immediate demands. It is today a cry which is no longer pertinent, not only because the Communists have specifically rejected De Leon's tactics, but, much more important, because the division of trade-union activity into ultimate and political issues *or* day-to-day demands is by now completely false; the two are inseparably bound up.

This is obviously true of the two principal fields in which strikes have occurred this year, the textile industry and bituminous-coal mining. Here what policy a trade union will follow is bound up with analysis of the industrial structure and its general movement. The A. F. of L. program is based on the assumption that these industries are no "sicker" than others, and that the thing to do is to mark time until the depression is over, accept wage cuts philosophically, and seek raises when business improves. Consequently, President McMahon of the United Textile Workers, who is also an executive of the notorious National Civic Federation and one of its bitterest propagandists against Soviet Russia, declares: "I do not anticipate any general strike this winter in our textile mills, and I will be disappointed if it takes place." And his Southern organizer reports approvingly: "The thinking worker will not allow himself to be stampeded into untimely action by the tactics of the employer [that is, a systematic series of wage cuts and increases in hours] and has ceased to think of the union in terms of strike." And even where the A. F. of L. begins to recognize that an industry is "sick," such as coal, it still has no program, believing presumably that "in the long run" displaced workers will find other employment. Consequently, Lewis and his United Mine Workers accepted the necessity of mass rationalization, introduction of machinery, and so on, and stuck to the simple line of business unionism, with the result that in eight years nearly two-thirds of the miners, a half-million men, have been forced out of the industry with no other place to go.

The T.U.U.L., on the other hand, is sure that the upturn for which the A. F. of L. is waiting before pressing even the "daily" needs of its membership will certainly not come, and is convinced that displaced workers will stay displaced. It is fighting tooth and nail against the introduction of new machinery and speed-up at the workers' expense, demanding for those who are demobilized from the sick industries immediate unemployment insurance, with its supervision participated in by workers. It is in the sick industries that the T.U.U.L. unions have made their clearest gains. This year, besides participating in the Paterson and Lawrence strikes, the National Textile Workers Union has led hitherto unorganized workers in Providence, Pawtucket, and Central Falls, Rhode Island, and at Putnam and other places in Connecticut.

The best record of the radicals so far has been in the sickest of industries, bituminous coal. The revolt against the corruption and incompetence of the United Mine Workers has channelized itself in the National Miners Union. As is common knowledge, the U.M.W. is broken wide open. In Pennsylvania, the key bituminous-production State, employing at any time one-third of the soft-coal miners working, the N.M.U. is solidly intrenched, as it is in the Panhandle section of West Virginia; and the offensive against it of the coal operators, on the one hand, and the curious combine of the United Mine Workers and the I.W.W., on the other, has not prevented the N.M.U. from gathering in a substantial majority in Kentucky. When more mines begin to open one will be able to gauge the exact strength of the N.M.U.; sober observers are convinced that it is rising to leadership.

If business unionism has proved inadequate in the sick industries, it has worse than failed in the trust-controlled basic industries. Iron and steel, rubber, automobiles, oil, meat packing, lumber are completely unorganized, and here even the most optimistic liberals have long given up hope that anything can be expected from the A. F. of L.

The basic industry to be watched during the next few years is steel. The T.U.U.L. and its Metal Workers Industrial League are slowly and carefully erecting a Steel Workers Industrial Union. For two years organizers have been in the field, building local groups. They maintain an organizers' school in Pittsburgh, the great steel center, to which workers come from the region all around. There will be no precipitate action here. And here, too, "daily" demands and large-scale political issues will have to be inseparable. Foster and the 365,000 men who came out with him in 1919 were beaten by inadequate relief funds (the A. F. of L. craft unions which reluctantly had agreed to support the strike squabbled as to the division among themselves of the men to be organized, and never gave the funds they had promised) and by the unsurpassed thuggery of company police and militia. In lieu of a gigantic relief fund such as no effort could possibly raise today, food, clothing, and housing will have to be obtained from workers in other industries in the central strike regions. These workers must be made to realize on the basis of common economic and political demands—unemployment insurance will be a paramount issue—that the steel strikers are fighting for a cause that is also theirs.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just paid a visit to the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, exhibited in New York City in December, and thereafter to be carried about the country, first to Philadelphia, and then to other cities, for many months. He dutifully and with due pleasure and satisfaction examined the Indian rugs, woven with intricate care and colored with the softest and purest of dyes, he looked at the pottery, at the silver and turquoise jewelry, at the shells set with turquoise and common coal that gleamed like black diamonds, at the carved pipes, the bright baskets, the poster-like and highly colored paintings of dancers and medicine men in all their brave array of feathers and skins. He found, what he already knew, that the Indians are a resourceful and skilful people with the true inward eye that makes them create beauty in common utensils for everyday use.

* * * * *

WHEN he had seen and recognized anew these things, he saw something more. He watched, literally for hours, the efforts of two Navajo sand painters, medicine men and artists, making pictures in sand that they had brought with them to New York from Arizona. They smoothed off sections of the sand-pile that lay before them, they took up pinches of colored sand from the Painted Desert—orange, red brown, yellow, gray, black, and white—and on the sand surface they made designs of precision and elegance the like of which the Drifter has rarely seen. It is difficult to describe the effect of the sand painting as it appears to observers, but the nearest thing to it is the beadwork wrought by Indians on a hide—the same vivid contrasts of color, the same geometrical patterns and sharp edges, the same incredible skill in performance. If, by some miracle of weaving, beadwork could take shape rapidly before one's eyes, the lines of beads falling into place about as fast as a pen travels over paper, the speed and accuracy of the sand painting would be duplicated. Such steadiness of wrist, such delicacy of digital movement, such sureness of eye are surely not often equaled in the arts. Not one grain of sand seemed ever to fall in the wrong place, not one sharp edge failed to be sharp, not one fine line to be properly fine. The Drifter came away in humility and awe. White men do not construct their marvels in this way. If they ever had the trick of patience and of precision that is needed, they have lost it long since. They have, indeed, bestowed it upon the machine. We make machines as marvelous for speed and accuracy, but the human hand has lost its cunning.

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THE making of the sand painting is a religious ritual, the patterns are rigidly fixed and cannot vary, from childhood the painters are trained to a true eye and a firm wrist. And finally, when after a whole day of constant labor—in this case from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon—the picture is finished, the next part of the ritual consists in solemnly and irretrievably shuffling over it until it is obliterated. It may not last after sundown. Tomorrow another sun will demand another picture. Today is its own beginning and end. It remains only to say that this people is the one we are trying to "cultivate," to "civilize," to "educate." This people which knows so well how to live that it can create perfection and destroy it between sun and sun, which is completely careless of excellence, because so sure of its own power to create more tomorrow. This is the poise and courage of the eagle; we are trying our utmost to transform it into a hen.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Rosenfeld and Matisse

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Rosenfeld's review of the Matisse exhibition in *The Nation* of December 2 is petulant and irresponsible. To his austere, historic eye the paintings are "bespangling," "gaudy images"—"pretty paintings," of which the quality and motive are "quite interesting." They have even "a certain crudity of technique." The earlier Matisse, i. e., the Matisse presented to America by Mr. Stieglitz and Mr. Rosenfeld, was a good painter, but since the war "the fact of his decadence as an artist is lamentably clear." His subject matter has become bourgeois and luxurious, "the purely pictorial values, almost negligible." Hence the *"total effect"* of the exhibition, which contains thirty-nine paintings of the Rosenfeld period and thirty-nine of the bourgeois decadence, "is melancholy." "To what end this display?" he calls out twice in the name of the "great tradition." "If the museum could not get the prime Matisse, why did it not have a show of . . . Marin or O'Keeffe or any other painter at work in the great tradition?"

Now the prime, pre-bourgeois Matisse seems to be in Moscow and in the very private Barnes Foundation. Mr. Barnes would lend nothing, although he visited the exhibition with a secretary to dictate aesthetic analyses for a probable book on the subject. Without inquiring into Soviet policy and the exact nature of the museum's efforts, Mr. Rosenfeld has accused the latter of laxity (and a sort of betrayal of the grand tradition) in not obtaining the pre-bourgeois canvases in Moscow ("Stschoukine's houseful of Matisses is now the proud property of the Soviets"), which reveal the "sturdier, living, futuristic [!] Matisse." The Russian government also sent nothing to the recent Byzantine exhibition in Paris despite all solicitation.

New York, December 4 MEYER SCHAPIRO

Empire State

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Speaking of the skyscraper, why sentimentalize over a silhouette? Why thrill with the glint on an aluminum erection? Look at the thing, not as it says it is or as it would like to be, but as it is—an unethical monstrosity, a robber, going tall to rob the neighbors. Were the neighbors to go tall, too, all would be worthless because all would be stalled—dead—no thrills. The thing has the same "picturesque" as has any piling up of wreckage by means of blind forces. This space-inclosure is rooted in greed. It rises regardless of human life or human scale to impose exaggeration on a weak animal. The herd instinct of the human animal is easy to exploit. The deserted farming areas of the United States testify to that. And this tall monument to the white-collarite is also testimony.

As a minor point, skilful engineering inside and stone draped on outside by the architect-tailor do not make architecture ex-

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cept by grace of such sentimentality for lies as has "built" the nation to a standstill. Cathedral? All the little houses round about the cathedral each trying to be a cathedral? And the devil for the shortest?

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

Spring Green, Wis., December 8

The Seminar in the Caribbean

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Seminar in the Caribbean was launched last winter by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America as an experiment in bringing leaders here into something more than casual touch with the leaders of the Caribbean republics. The experiment met with so enthusiastic and appreciative a response both here and in the Caribbean that we feel justified in planning to repeat the experiment this winter. We are therefore announcing the Second Seminar for January 23–February 10 (inclusive, from New York).

This year we shall have programs in Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Santo Domingo, Panama, Haiti, and Cuba. A few of the members will omit the visit to Panama and spend a week in Santo Domingo and Haiti, motoring over the island. The faculty will include Lincoln Steffens, Chester Lloyd Jones, Ernest Gruening, Thomas E. Benner, Leland H. Jenks, Samuel Guy Inman, and Charles Thomson.

Any of your readers who may be interested in applying for membership in the seminar should write me, in care of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

New York, December 10 HUBERT C. HERRING

Reason or Unreason

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot see any distinction in reason or logic between a protective tariff imposed for the benefit of certain manufacturers theoretically needing government support and a "dole" for the benefit of the laboring man who likewise is needing support. The same reason or unreason underlies both alike.

Baltimore, November 3 OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER

Contributors to This Issue

HOWARD W. ODUM, a member of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, is professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina.

FELIX MORROW has contributed articles to the *New Republic, Symposium,* and *Menorah Journal.*

EDWARD DAVISON will shortly publish a volume of verse entitled "The Ninth Witch."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

HORACE GREGORY recently published a translation of Catullus.

EDA LOU WALTON is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

PAUL BLANSHARD is the executive director of the City Affairs Committee, New York.

CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER is the author of "Watching Europe Grow."

Finance

A New Aspect of Reparations

WHATEVER the plan produced by the experts now in session at Basel for dealing with the German reparations problem, it is almost certain to differ in one striking particular from all the mechanisms that have gone before. On past occasions "new money" has been poured into Germany by foreigners with a view to making the country a going concern. It is hard to see where any new money is coming from this time. One of the first actions of the German government after the creation of the Dawes Plan in 1924 was to borrow $200,000,000 abroad in order to begin operations under the plan. When this method of paying reparations threatened to collapse and the Young Plan was substituted for it six years later, a foreign loan of $300,000,000 was obtained. The breakdown of the second attempt, signalized by the Hoover moratorium, was accompanied by an indirect loan of some $400,000,000 in the form of suspended payments, plus a $100,000,000 credit to the Reichsbank.

Thus, there has grown up a well-established technique in dealing with German reparations. Large amounts of money are advanced by investors in the creditor countries in the expectation that the debtor, with the use of the money, will build up productive capacity and will finance its industrial and trade activity, to the end that both reparations and the additional credits may be liquidated. This method cannot now be applied. German bonds issued under the Dawes and Young plans are selling, respectively, at 50 and 28 cents on the dollar, while in addition to the reparations payments proper, there is a mass of private short-term indebtedness which, according to the latest German figures, amounts to about $4,000,000,000. Even in the care-free days of our open-handed lending policy, it might have been hard to persuade investors to advance a sum sufficient to "finance" such obligations. At present the raising of even a fraction of the amount needed is out of the question.

Finance, however, is full of resources, and it would be premature to say that no reasoned method of reducing the German payments to order and apparent feasibility will be brought forth. Reports now at hand indicate that a moratorium (a word for which Wall Street bankers are beginning to express a cordial dislike) will be recommended on at least a part of the annuities, and that the committee, or more than one member of it, would like to advise a more or less sweeping cancelation of the total amount.

The whole dreary discussion is assuming an academic air. Barring utter collapse, Germany will doubtless pay something on reparations account. How far that amount will go toward providing the sums which must be passed on to the American government, and at the same time providing the "clear indemnity" on which France has insisted, is anybody's guess. The French formula, Britain's neat plan of collecting no more (and no less) than she has to pay America, and the angry outcry against debt cancelation in Congress are all based upon the assumption that the money can be had if enough pressure is applied, or a workable "plan" discovered. All these statements of policy have yet to meet the test of ultimate economic fact.

Suppose, under that test, they collapse. What then? The obvious alternatives are a series of unrepaired defaults, unhealed sore spots, or a formal adjustment of claims to realizable payments. One of the interesting aspects of financial opinion at the moment is the growing disposition to "write off" our foreign losses and concentrate on the domestic situation.

S. PALMER HARMAN

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Books, Art, Drama

Tender Pelican

By EDWARD DAVISON

"Who will heal your bloody breast,
Gentle pelican, tender pelican?"
"Brack and brine will try their best,
And the sun will do the rest,"
Said the gentle pelican.

"Famine comes and famine goes,
Dear old gentleman, kind old gentleman;
How it happens no one knows
(Like your rainbow and your rose),"
Said the gentle pelican.

"Here is a fish to help you through,
Gentle pelican, tender pelican."
"May the Good Lord look down on you,
And on your little children too,"
Said the gentle pelican.

The Wellsian Bible

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind. By H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Company. Two volumes. $7.50.

A FEW years ago Mr. Wells announced, quite calmly, that he was writing the Bible of our time. This Bible, he said, would embrace the whole range of man's modern knowledge and interests. The "Outline of History" was merely the first volume. Other men may announce such grandiose projects; Mr. Wells, matter-of-factly, proceeds to carry them out. Shortly there appeared, in collaboration with Julian S. Huxley and G. P. Wells, the two huge volumes called "The Science of Life," and now, barely ten months later, come two more volumes completing the Bible, and written by Mr. Wells alone, under the rather inclusive title, "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind."

"Such a general picture of all mankind about its business," writes Mr. Wells in his Introduction, "has not been attempted before." Assurance to this degree seems astounding, but we have to remember that it is quite impersonal: it is not a mere personal vanity; it is a compelling sense on Mr. Wells's part that what he has to say is of the utmost urgency and importance to the world. H. L. Mencken once accused him of possessing a Messianic delusion; the charge is completely just, but it is this very "delusion" that is the secret of his present value and force. Without it, without his unfailing exuberance and enthusiasm, his own excited learning and excited imparting of what he has learned, without his passionate conviction of the profound need of shouting his knowledge and his message from the housetops, the present work would probably never have come into existence, and it would certainly not be the absorbing and impressive work that it is. Mr. Wells sees the human scene today, probably even more than he did a few years ago when he first uttered the phrase, as "a race between education and disaster"; and by "education" Mr. Wells means knowing the things that he knows, and believing the things that he believes.

The scope of the present work is so great that it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of it. Let us try to do so in the words of Mr. Wells himself:

> It represents all current human activities and motives—all and nothing less. It is a first comprehensive summary of the whole of mankind working or playing or unemployed; it seeks to show the jockey on the race course in relation to the miner in the pit, the baby in the cradle, the savage in the jungle, the city clerk, the fish-wife, the lord-in-waiting, the Speaker on the Woolsack, the Soviet envoy, the professional cricketer, the shopwalker, the street walker, the dealer in second-hand microscopes, the policeman, the newsvendor, the motor-car "bandit," the political gangster, and the university professor.

Even this is not quite an adequate summary. The work is entirely too broad to be called a mere treatise on economics; it is too readable, graphic, and concrete to be called a treatise on sociology. Mr. Wells opens with a "historical overture" telling how man became an economic animal. He tells us next how man has learned to think and gain a mastery over force and matter. (This second chapter ranges all the way from an explanation of the medieval metaphysical controversy between "nominalism" and "realism" to a history of the processes of making steel.) Next he describes the conquest of distance: the story of the railroad, the steamship, the motor car, the airplane, the newspaper, the film, the telephone, the radio, television. Then follow sections on how mankind is clothed, fed, and housed, ranging from a description of the modern woman's cosmetics (it is one of the great virtues of Mr. Wells that he considers no field of knowledge beneath his "dignity") to a discussion of modern architecture and the possible rebuilding of the world. Next come chapters on How Goods Are Bought and Sold, How Work Is Organized (from trade unions to the atrocities in the Belgian Congo), Why People Work, How Work Is Paid for and Wealth Accumulated (covering currency, banking, the present crisis), the Rich, the Poor, and Their Traditional Antagonism (with brilliant short biographies and analyses of such accumulators as Hetty Green, the Rothschilds, Jay Gould, Rockefeller, Edison, Ford, and a section on Soviet Russia), The Role of Women in the World's Work, The Governments of Mankind and Their Economic and Military Warfare, The Numbers and Qualities of Mankind, The Overflowing Energies of Mankind (leisure, travel, sport, gambling, entertainment, art), How Mankind Is Taught and Disciplined (universities, mental training, encyclopedias), and The Outlook of Mankind.

To exactly what extent has Mr. Wells succeeded in achieving his Napoleonic objectives? The present two volumes, certainly, are less successful than either "The Outline of History" or the much better "Science of Life" written in collaboration with Huxley and G. P. Wells. Mr. Wells is a man of quick apprehension, very wide reading, enormous industry, and even genius; but the body of modern knowledge is too much for any single man. To the present reviewer, who happens to have made some study in the field of money and banking, Mr. Wells's chapter on that subject seems extremely unsatisfactory. It is for the most part a simplification and popularization of the theories of Maynard Keynes, but it would have been immensely better if Mr. Keynes had written it. It gives the gold standard, which Mr. Wells does not very well understand, a sound thwacking, and proposes instead "a managed currency, free of entanglement with any standard commodity, under a world board of control." Just how one would get a world board of control that anyone would trust with such a problem, or what would give value to the money—why anyone would take it, and at what exchange ratio, without the pieces of paper being tied to anything at all—are questions that Mr. Wells is too impatient to answer, or even to ask. He goes on to propose that

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it would be also an excellent thing for the world to keep "continually draining away indebtedness by a steady, gentle continual monetary inflation," but he does not stop to tell us just who, under such an arrangement, would be so foolhardy as to keep on lending. Mr. Wells's monetary theories, in brief, suffer from the absence of any thinking through of fundamental theoretic problems. This chapter suffers also from a number of very misleading factual statements.

One feels, in short, that Mr. Wells has been in too much of a hurry, and that his ambition for short cuts to knowledge has overreached itself. Combined with this is a cocksureness in his manner, a continual implication in his tone that he is addressing mental inferiors, an air of "I'm-telling-you," which remind one uncomfortably of Arthur Brisbane. But perhaps this is only to say that Mr. Wells's manner is a platform manner, that his interest in the propagandistic aspect of knowledge is even greater than that in knowledge for its own sake, that he is at bottom a controversialist and a pamphleteer. And he is surely a superb one. You will not find many better satires than, to take but a single example, his description in the present volumes of British parliamentary government. With the possible exception of Shaw, he has made himself the world's most eminent writing reformer. And it is a very high compliment to be able to pay any man in our time to say that he has *almost* succeeded in producing a one-man encyclopedia. If Shaw may be regarded as our twentieth-century Voltaire, Wells is certainly its Diderot.

HENRY HAZLITT

Fenimore Cooper

Fenimore Cooper: Critic of His Times. By Robert E. Spiller. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

PROFESSOR SPILLER'S book is perhaps less readable but certainly more valuable than the biography of Cooper that Henry W. Boynton published last spring. Mr. Boynton clearly and pleasantly told the story of Cooper's life, and that was all. Mr. Spiller has also traced the life, but chiefly as "a record of the evolution of a point of view." He has sought "to discover in the forces which made him some of the causes of his ideals and opinions." His principal concern is, of course, with the years after Cooper's return from Europe, the years in which he engaged in social theorizing, polemic writing, and libel suits. He shows him, not as a conceited and crotchety litigant, but as the staunch defender of a well-considered position.

The chief objection to be raised against Professor Spiller is that he does not prosecute with sufficient rigor his quest for the social bases of Cooper's theories. At the very outset he makes a false step by assuming that Cooper was a son of the frontier. It is true that Cooperstown at the end of the eighteenth century was on the frontier, and that Cooper found there, though largely at second hand, the materials for his romances; but the attitude of the Cooper family was not that of the ordinary frontiersman. Fenimore Cooper's father had made himself a landed proprietor, and Susan DeLancey, whom Cooper married, belonged to a family even longer established in the same class. It was his economic status, not his frontier experiences, that shaped the novelist's views.

Farther on in the book Professor Spiller admits that Cooper was the spokesman of the agrarian aristocracy. His patriotism led him to defend the republican form of government, but he distrusted the masses and believed that equality was as undesirable in society as it was desirable in politics. Even here, however, where he sees pretty clearly what lay behind all Cooper's opinions, Professor Spiller does not push his interpretation to its logical outcome. His book is commendable because it goes as far as it does, but it might easily have gone farther. In Cooper's writings agrarian aristocracy challenged, for the last time in the North, the commercial aristocracy; at the same time it defied the masses, whether urban or rural. His economic status is the clue to all Cooper's activities as a critic of his times, and the decline of his class is the explanation of the failure of his influence.

As for Cooper's present significance, Professor Spiller's views are singularly like those Dr. Canby has expressed in "Classic Americans." "Once more," he writes, "we may pause to take stock of our accomplishment over material obstacles, and to question the values in the *things* we have gained. With that questioning, there may come, as there came to Cooper, an appreciation of the amenities of life and an opinion that equality in all things—education, art, even society—is alien to the principle of quality in anything." Are we to have, then, a new era concerned with what Brownell called democratic distinction? Not, it seems likely, until certain other questions about the "things we have gained" have been settled.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Ludwig on Ludwig

Gifts of Life. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

EMIL LUDWIG is a good host—active, smiling, generous, putting you at your ease and telling you his life story. Of course he does not tell everything, but he selects the very things you would like to hear: little anecdotes about his father and mother, his wife, his dogs, his children, his fine house, his work—and most of all, the terribly important people that he has met during the course of his successful career.

You may be an embarrassed guest, protesting a little at all this show of energy, this speed in racing up and down stairs, dodging in and out of closets, writing over a thousand words a day, eating a hearty meal at midnight, and then early in the morning, bounding out of bed on both feet, happy as a young lion and twice as big as life itself. This may wear you out, but sooner or later you will relax—from exhaustion or comic despair—and thoroughly enjoy your host, for he is having a marvelously good time, and his high spirits are contagious.

First of all, Emil Ludwig is his father's son, son of Dr. Hermann Ludwig Cohn of Breslau, a skilful and talented eye specialist. This meticulous little doctor overrode anti-Semitic prejudice, fought the academicians, and made a name for himself. Here, if anywhere, is the source of Ludwig's hero-worship, for his father was a worthy antagonist for an ambitious son, a man to love, to hate, to admire. He attempted to make a lawyer out of his son, but no, Emil had set his heart upon being a poet, a good old-fashioned, long-haired, romantic, rip-roaring poet. There was, however, an important break in Ludwig's career. Upon leaving the university, he became interested in a girl, and had dreams of marriage in his head. This was to be a gloriously expensive marriage, so Ludwig dashed full speed into a coal business operated by a wealthy uncle. Soon he was promoted to the main offices in Berlin, and the poet became an alert, bristling executive. One has no doubt that Ludwig could sell anything: coal, wood, ice, books—and himself.

Somehow the girl vanished, and since she had disappeared, the young coal merchant went also. Then suddenly another took her place, "Diana," Ludwig's present wife. She was a young singer of Scotch-English-German descent. The poet was revived; there was an elopement to Italy, and we have a period of feverish poetic play-writing. No doubt these poetic plays were high-sounding, melodramatic affairs, veritable barnstorming with pen and ink, filled with noble passion, noble love, and

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ever-so-noble death, yet in them we see the forerunners of the biographies in which all action is organized to create a dramatic effect, something that is neither fact nor fiction, but a spectacular performance that Ludwig calls a "portrait."

Further training, however, was necessary before Ludwig found his life work. Just as the war broke out he became London correspondent for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and whoever gave him his commission deserves credit for discovering one of the best journalists of our time. Ludwig elevated the job of reporter into the profession of brilliant feature writing. He could and did shake hands with celebrities seven days a week. There was no escaping him, and as soon as he set them down upon paper, they were no longer ordinary men and women but superhuman creatures, all actors in a vast, mysterious drama that Ludwig would call "Life" in capital letters. I recommend his portraits of Von Bülow, Maximilian Harden, Rathenau. They are sharp, vivid, unforgettable.

It was the most natural thing in the world for Ludwig to step beyond his feature articles into biography, and after writing his biographies to give you a special invitation to his beautiful home at Moscia. You may not be grateful for your opportunity but I can assure you that you will have at least two hours of uproarious entertainment.

HORACE GREGORY

More Roses and Locomotives

Viva. Seventy New Poems. By E. E. Cummings. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

"IT is with roses and locomotives (not to mention acrobats Spring electricity Coney Island the 4th of July the eyes of mice and Niagara falls) that my 'poems' are competing," Cummings once explained in an earlier book. And here in "Viva," his latest collection of poems, Cummings is giving us more of the same roses and locomotives—not poems about these objects, of course, and not poems about how a poet feels on seeing this or that, but poems which are experiences in themselves, even as are roses and locomotives. In other words, E. E. Cummings remains an impressionist. The basis of impressionism in poetry, as everyone knows, is that a poem should recreate an experience by recreating in the reader the identical, often very indefinite sensations the poet himself has felt. The poet attempts to set down in words the exact intuitive groping toward feeling which was his own reaction to an object. Such groping defies measurement in terms either of time or of space; it is concerned with bridging distances in feeling too small or too large for any logical measuring stick. It can be put into words, therefore, only as a kind of vague imagery—dimmed, as it were, floating suddenly to the surface of logical thinking, externalized for a moment, then submerged again in the stream of consciousness. E. E. Cummings, like Joyce, follows the stream of consciousness; there are, consequently, no chronological arrangements and no spatial designs in his poems.

This being true, how are we to understand Cummings's poetry? Only by sinking ourselves in the same stream of emotions. We must actually relive his experiences. And because this is difficult, we are likely to think Cummings obscure. Here is disassociation of idea and imagery, quixotic emotion changing, in the very naming, to its exact opposite—all this in a vague, generalized language which names a flower but not a particular flower, since the attempt is not to particularize but to suggest a dreamlike beauty; an action, but no physical action save as it suggests an indefinite, sometimes metaphysical impulse. Cummings's effort is, in general, to express, with amazing precision, feelings which can be put into no definition. The whole of this may be summed up in the poet's own sentence: "yet shall our Not to be deciphered selves merely Continue to experience a neverish subchemistry of alWays"—and his readers can make what they will of it.

In E. E. Cummings's poems on sex this technique results in a direct representation of the physical experience itself. Here the poet's punctuation, typography, arrangements of words and syllables, capitalization, and use of parenthesis—all his so-called eccentricities—are employed, first, to emphasize the hidden meaning, secondly, to emphasize rhythm. These eccentricities are actually a very individual editing of texts which, if studied—something no censor will undertake—reward the reader with tales of buffoonery and healthy masculine vulgarity. Any number of tricks are employed to bring out puns upon words, vulgarisms hidden in what seems to be direct and uninteresting expression. Parentheses read through carry one thought, while the rest of the poem carries another. Words are misspelled to exaggerate pronunciation. Anyone who wishes a winter's evening of entertainment can unriddle these cryptograms. They are enormously entertaining—those I have solved—and, as always in Cummings, the work of a robust, witty mind. Their chief virtue as poetry is an inimitable rhythm.

Cummings's poems on romantic love are his serious artistic efforts. Many of these in "Viva" are sonnets—Cummings's own variety of sonnets—in which the poet's individual rhythm combines with the metrical pattern in a very subtle phrasing. Cummings's rhythm is one of his chief contributions to modern poetry. His further importance is his use of language: his deliberately different association of words, grouping of ideas, sentence phrasing, and use of generalized imagery show a command of a literary language put to highly individual purposes. He stirs the feelings through a distortion of sentence, a unique turn of phrase, a new use of a very familiar word or image. By such poetic innovations he translates emotions so indefinable that they could never be put into prose. He can—but with a difference—imitate any of the older poets. He has out-Donne Donne:

> god's terrible face, brighter than a spoon,
> collects the image of one fatal word;
> so that my life (which liked the sun and moon)
> resembles something that has not occurred:
> i am a birdcage without any bird,
> a collar looking for a dog, a kiss
> without lips; a prayer lacking any knees
> but something beats within my shirt to prove
> he is undead who, living, no one is.
> I have never loved you dear as now i love.
>
> Hell (by most humble me which shall increase)
> open thy fire! for i have had some bliss
> of one small lady upon earth above;
> to whom i cry, remembering her face,
> i have never loved you dear as now i love.

Or he can strike his own romantic medium, as the following excellent poem shows. Here he is conveying the strange sense of death through images of life and the immediate denial of those images ("unhands"), through the reverse of the usual statement of burial ("with angry seasalt and indignant clover marrying to themselves Life's animals"). Here he makes use of his favorite negative-positive method of statement to suggest confirmation and doubt in the same breath ("but not darkness shall quite outmarch forever"). The whole poem is a fine performance, and an illustration of the extreme romantic method in modern verse:

> put off your faces, Death; for day is over
> (and such a day as must remember he
> who watched unhands describe what mimicry),
>
> with angry seasalt and indignant clover
> marrying to themselves Life's animals

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but not darkness shall quite outmarch forever
—and i perceive, within transparent walls
how several smoothly gesturing stars are clever
to persuade even silence: therefore wonder

opens a gate; the prisoner dawn embraces

hugely some few most rare perfectly dear
(and worlds whirl beyond worlds: immortal yonder
collidingly absorbs eternal near)

day being come, Love, put on your faces

Cummings is the antithesis of Eliot in both method and subject matter—romanticist while Eliot is a classicist, a poet of affirmation rather than of negation. His intensive, all-inclusive vitality is non-selective of experience, whereas Eliot's sensibility is extremely selective. Cummings accepts his world, and everything in it, with vigor and with gleeful wit and satire; Eliot has rejected, now, almost everything in this world save the religious experience.

EDA LOU WALTON

Our Lawless Police

Our Lawless Police. By Ernest Jerome Hopkins. The Viking Press. $3.

I SUPPOSE that most Americans think of policemen as sturdy and tolerably honest public servants who are at times a trifle rough with their prisoners but whose roughness can be excused because it is directed against crazy Communists and brutal gangsters. For those who have adopted this conventional American attitude toward police lawlessness, Mr. Hopkins's study will come as a rude shock. He has demonstrated by a great mass of incontestable evidence that the lawlessness of American police is habitual, and that it occurs in the handling of almost all types of citizens. Illegal detention, unwarranted arrest, and the third degree are the rule rather than the exception in police practice. "A heavy share of the confessions with which the trial courts are deluged," he says, "would not be worth the paper they are written on, as evidence, if judge and jury knew how they were obtained." And then he continues with a paragraph summarizing his own findings for the Wickersham Commission regarding the third degree:

> In various cases which occurred between 1920 and 1930 the Wickersham Commission found that suspected persons had been starved, kept awake many days and nights, confined in pitch-dark and airless cells; had been beaten with fists, clubs, blackjacks, rubber hose, telephone books, straps, whips; beaten on the shins, under the knee cap (at the point of the patellar reflex), across the abdomen, the throat, the face, the head, the shoulders, above the kidneys, on the buttocks and legs; kicked on the shins, the torso, and in the crotch; had had their arms twisted, their testicles twisted and squeezed; had been given tear gas, scopolamin injections, and chloroform; had been made to touch corpses and hold the hands of murdered persons in morgues; that women had been lifted by the hair; in one case, a man had been laid flat upon the floor and lifted repeatedly by his organs of sex. This in modern America between 1920 and 1930, in the fifteenth decade of the Constitution, and for the purpose of obtaining "voluntary" confessions of guilt.

Less sensational than this primitive police work but quite as illegal is the almost universal system of arresting an alleged suspect and holding him for several days without a hearing and often without access to friends or attorneys. The policeman is legally required to have a basis in fact and not merely an unsubstantiated suspicion before making an arrest, but he commonly ignores this requirement. Nearly half of the 750,000 persons arrested in eighteen major cities of the United States in recent years have been released as innocent either by the police themselves or by the first judge the arrested persons could reach. St. Louis, Chicago, and New York are the worst "false-arrest" cities, with St. Louis reaching the astounding record in 1929 of releasing 86 per cent of all its felony arrests without even the formality of a court hearing.

Some of such false arrests are the result of a "drive" hysteria created by the maudlin press and nurtured by politicians for the sake of advertising their own virtues. New York witnessed such a drive last summer, when Mayor Walker and Police Commissioner Mulrooney sought to cover up the failure of New York's police after the shooting of five children by gangsters in the streets, by a wholesale kidnapping of unlucky citizens, who were crowded into stuffy cells and corridors to wait until the newspapers had lauded police diligence. As usual in such cases nothing important was accomplished.

An enterprising newspaper in Dallas discovered that there had been 1,823 "guesswork arrests" in that city in the first three months of 1930 and that the 1,823 arrested persons had spent an average of twenty-two hours apiece in jail. Sixteen had been held more than forty-eight hours; four had been held more than five days. Fewer than 5 per cent of the 1,823 were ever charged legally with any offense. Mr. Hopkins found this practice of illegal detention so common in the cities which he visited that he was himself almost persuaded of its necessity when he came to San Francisco. There he discovered a city which had speeded up its legal processes until every prisoner was presented promptly and legally for trial without delay. And this observance of the law has come about in the same city where Tom Mooney was held incomunicado for a whole week without a formal charge after the Preparedness Day explosion of 1916!

Mr. Hopkins suggests a whole series of legal remedies for the lawlessness of the police, but they are so condensed that I can only refer the reader to the book itself, a book which is one of the most useful studies of recent years.

PAUL BLANSHARD

Books in Brief

Eden Tree. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

Those who have watched Witter Bynner's poetry have observed that he has the clearly defined attitude toward life necessary to all good writing. This attitude or philosophy was stated first in "The New World," and "Grenstone Poems," and these two books established Mr. Bynner's reputation in American poetry. Here again, as in Whitman, was a poetic faith in democracy, in equality, and in the essential goodness of human beings. Bynner had in common with Whitman an inclusive vitality, robust enthusiasms, and complete faith in America. His own most individual contribution was his modernity, and his inspiration toward poetry—in this case Celia or personal love, which, frustrated, gave birth to a more perfect understanding of the meaning of beauty. And so woven through the themes of hatred of war, of faith in brotherhood, was the theme of the beauty in personal relationships, in nature, and in all life. That was when Mr. Bynner was thirty. Now, at fifty, he has written "Eden Tree," a book which should be read along with "The New World," for the two together give the complete statement of the poet's faith. In "Eden Tree" we find the poet telling that more than personal love is needed to sustain the soul, that life's seeming chaos must be accepted in entirety. Adam, who is the poet, or mankind itself, must suffer and must understand all physical and spiritual experiences, and in the end he must be alone, lonely. "Eden Tree" is one of the best books Mr. Bynner has ever written. And these three volumes,

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"Grenstone Poems," "The New World," and "Eden Tree" are likely to be those by which this poet will be remembered. There are, of course, also, his fine translations.

A Lawyer Tells the Truth. By Morris Gisnet. With an Introduction by Norman Thomas. The Concord Press. $2.

This book, by a New York lawyer, on the degradation of the legal profession rehearses a familiar tale. In the midst of a highly competitive business civilization, the practice of the law has become a business, not a profession. The corruption of the American political system has inevitably extended to the bar. The tremendous overcrowding of the profession has had the effect of driving the ordinary practitioner to almost any extreme of dishonesty to make a bare living. The author hopes for the ultimate socialization of the bar, which unfortunately must be regarded as utopian as long as the profit system is maintained, and for the present urges some devices, principally the public defender, to give legal aid to the common man; but there is no reason to suppose that in the present state of our political institutions the public defender's office would prove any less a political preserve than the district attorney's office. Both in its analysis of evils and proposals of remedies the book is highly impressionistic.

St. Francis of Assisi. By Abel Bonnard. Translated by Cleveland B. Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

In the second chapter of this book M. Bonnard writes: "I shall not enter into the details of the life of St. Francis . . . because such events are not the most important considerations." Because they are the most important considerations in biography, the book fails as a biography. Lacking these "details," the St. Francis of this book is without vitality. We have, rather, an eloquent and frequently interesting commentary on his career, which leaves the reader only half satisfied.

The Poetic Way of Release. By Bonaro Wilkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

This is a book for those who do not understand poetry or how it is written. Its purpose is to give a simple chart of the road down which most poets travel, of what poets feel, and of how they turn what they feel into words. The author's desire is to prove that all of us are, in our own ways, poets too, and that the world of the poet is no mysterious land. For those familiar with the field this book is of no importance; for those to whom poetry is a blind alley it may be helpful.

Black Cherries. By Grace Stone Coates. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This story of a Kansas childhood is in effect a series of sketches of the narrator's parents, each episode revealing a little more of their history, and giving a little more information on their unhappy relationship. Seen through a child's eyes, however, the situation is never entirely clear. Since liberties are taken in other directions with the amount of insight the six-year-old narrator possesses, the method seems merely a means of avoiding direct statement, and more than suggestive hints are required to account for a Kansas farmer who beats his children and who refers to Christmas in these terms: "The entire conception is a travesty on truth, but this is a travesty of the poesy that lies back of the conception." When the episodes treat of childish events Mrs. Coates writes with humor and with an unforced lyricism, but her version of the adult world remains muddled and unconvincing, even in the last chapter, in which the device of the child narrator is abandoned. Some of the chapters, notably Black Cherries and Glass, are valuable as stories, complete in themselves, and far superior to the book as a whole.

Art

The Whitney Museum

A METAL eagle spreads imperial wings over the door of the new museum in Eighth Street. Under the national symbol an inscription specifies the dedication of the building to the arts that have grown from the continental country. Voices even louder than those of metal and engraving have proclaimed the institution a deed in behalf of American art and the American public. At the inaugural a message from the President and a speech from Al Smith figured among many sonorities advertising the museum to the world. Mrs. Juliana R. Force, the director, announced that the purpose of the museum was none other than the acquisition, for the art of America, of "the prestige which heretofore the public has devoted too exclusively to the art of foreign countries and the past." All the papers bruited forth the name and the fame of the donor, Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Entering the newly converted building, Mr. Royal Cortissoz, subtle dean of American art critics, saw that it was good. Daily, since the dedication, crowds of people have wandered through the little rooms, "wonders to see." And dismally enough, it appears very possible that only the grace of the gods can prevent the new institution from recoiling upon the prestige of the American art it proposes to enhance.

The collection it houses, all in all, is puny and gray. Few forces, few personalities radiate from the walls. One passes yards of uncreative canvases. The impression of American painting left is extremely disaffecting: that of a matter devoid of large life, of individual charm, of eloquence; and provincial and secondary to a degree. The collection of sculpture is even less attractive. But the fault is the collection's: it is sadly unfaithful to the work it pretends to represent.

The Whitney Museum is not uncatholic in its scope, or entirely bare of good and representative things. Many names, at least, figure in its first show. The vaults of the museum are said to contain at least a hundred paintings that could not be accommodated in the first exhibition, and later shows will doubtless augment the already copious list. The first exhibition, certainly, contains a few representative examples of the work of distinguished painters; Sheeler, Matulka, and Kantor are deputed with sufficient fairness. The Lachaise Head is characteristically sumptuous. Yet these adequate representations are exceptional. The majority of the exhibits are inferior, especially those revealing the art of the more vigorous talents and temperaments.

The attempt to specify the deficiencies of the Whitney collection as exhibited by the inaugural show would be too ambitious for this space. It is sufficient to remark that this museum dedicated to American art wants not only a Ryder but a Homer Martin. It does sport an Eakins. But the canvas, a portrait upon a meaningless background, is uncharacteristically slack. The Winslow Homer is unimportant; the Twachtman, dismal. Now, one does not demand of a museum of American art that it comprise nothing but masterworks. What one does expect, in view of its style, is that it contain good examples of the classics and excellent examples of the work of the significant contemporaries whose best has not yet passed into the safekeeping of museums and large private collections. But the only group thoroughly represented in the Whitney collection is the showy "he-man" generation of the 1900's—who was it said, "Childe has'em, George bellows, George looks"? And it is precisely the work of Henri, Bellows, Luks, and their school that, of all ambitious recent American painting, seems

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least deserving of a place in a museum of art. To an eye trained by Manet and Van Gogh and Cézanne, a work like Luks's recent Mrs. Gamely appears a mere cavalier evasion of the problems of the painter.

Meanwhile, the artists of the more recent decades fare almost as poorly in the Whitney Museum as those of the brown era. We have seen far better Kents and Davieses and Hayes Millers than those on its walls. The Bluemner is complete enough but it is cold in key, and a Bluemner cold in key is Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. While the Hartley is a fair specimen, and characteristically distinguished, its color suggests a passing subjection to Derain. The nude in the long Karfiol is exquisitely articulated, but the couch she lies on is badly painted. The O'Keeffe is a mere sketch. The Niles Spencer is uncharacteristic. And if the Sternes and the Burlin *are* characteristic, it is merely for the reason that absence of personality appears to be the hallmark of these painters. We repeat: the Sheelers and the large Matulka and the Kantor are the good and individual works of very able painters. But a few swallows do not make a museum.

The truth would appear to be that the Whitney collection was formed for purposes other than those of a museum of American art. Unless we mistake, it was originally born of the worthy desire to patronize and support a number of young and struggling artists; and the canvases acquired were bought with an eye bent more to the struggles and promise of the artists than to the completeness of their expressions. Later, when the idea of a museum began to obtain, the collection appears to have rather hastily been augmented to fit the new purpose.

It will be asked what the reasons for one's fear that the Whitney Museum may prove a boomerang to American art, actually are? The answer is that it is very likely that in pretending to represent American art and actually misrepresenting it the museum may deprive American art of the confidence of the artistic public—at a moment when the prestige rightfully American art's, and fought for during many years, is on the verge of holding its ground. During the last decades American painting has not only challenged French painting with the freshness, daring, and integrity of its spirit. In the last years it has caused the delusion of the innate superiority of the modern Parisian product, long nurtured by French picture dealers and their social allies, to begin evaporating in the brains of the public, and to assure the living American of a chance in America. At this moment, then, the Whitney Museum plays into the hands of the picture dealers, who batten on the kind of snobbery which sees in all French things symbols of transcendent value, the apparently conclusive proof that American painting is a second-rate affair. The publicity obtained for the museum assures it of a wide influence. It is now the place where the outsider in New York will come to gauge the quality of American painting, and where the Europeans will come to investigate the reality of its claims. And it is scarcely to be supposed that those who do not turn aside to smile will remain to pray. Nor is it to be supposed that the large public will understand the decorativeness of the gesture which offered it this museum. It will see what the President and Al Smith and all the rest have helped to persuade it to see: a large, disinterested, and devoted gift to art and America. For this reason, then, one could almost wish that the Whitney Museum had never opened its pompous doors.

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Drama

The Decent Thing

LAST week I gave utterance to some patriotic reflections concerning the quality of the plays which London and Paris have recently been sending us. I said, I believe, that they generally lacked any boldness of imagination, and I am still willing to repeat that particular charge. But it was an unfortunate moment to choose for any general damnation, because London is responsible for "Springtime for Henry" (Bijou Theater), and that particular farce-comedy is as uproariously laughable as any which it has ever been my pleasure to see.

Its author, a certain Ben W. Levy, may be remembered as the author of "Mrs. Moonlight" and of "Art and Mrs. Bottle." It may further be remembered that both of these pieces were comedy-with-a-purpose. But it must be added immediately that "Springtime for Henry" has no purpose of any kind, that by cutting loose from reason and common sense—as well as from all sound morality—Mr. Levy has provided a mental and spiritual holiday which is blessedly free from any justification whatsoever. There is a pleasure in being mad which only mad men know, but as is now demonstrable, some part of it may be communicated.

To attempt any account of the action would hardly be worth while. Suffice it to say that it deals with the adventures of two charming wastrels who make a disastrous attempt to transform themselves into useful citizens, and that it proves—if it proves anything—how deleterious high ideals can be when they begin to ferment in systems unfit for their digestion. Doubtless other men would have profited much from the presence of a secretary who believed in "the decent things." Doubtless they would have reduced the number of highballs included in the regular routine and possibly thought more often about

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Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Avon—W. 45 St.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
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the problems of international politics. But when Henry Dewlip, hereditary head of Dewlip Motors, is led by the beautiful face and figure of his secretary to appreciate for the first time in his life the beauty of "the decent things," the results are lamentable. Formerly he had been the kind of man who would adopt a new carburetor for the Dewlip car for the sound and beautiful reason that its manufacturer turned out to be that same Jelliwell who used to pinch his behind when both were happy boys in the fourth form; now he becomes the kind of man capable of canceling the contract for the purely mercenary reason that he himself can make better carburetors for less money. Nor is this all or, even, the worst. Jelliwell's happy home is practically destroyed when Dewlip ceases to pay to Mrs. Jelliwell those dishonorable attentions upon which she had come to count, and as the result of circumstances a little too complicated to explain here, Dewlip's poor old mother spends a night in jail. If it is added that Dewlip himself ruins his dress clothes and catches a frightful cold, it will be perceived at once what a relief it is to all concerned when he decides to abandon the straight and narrow for that primrose path upon which he had been accustomed to tread with so much grace. A chappie cannot hope to keep his friends if he has got into the habit of coming up to them at the club and asking, "Have you ever known the pure love of a pure woman?"

Leslie Banks and Nigel Bruce are ideal for their parts, and the parts are ideal for them, since they possess to perfection that air of graceful imbecility suitable to the young aristocrats of comedy. They are the direct descendants of the ineffable pair who flutter through "The Importance of Being Earnest," and they are charming for the same reason—namely, that we are all envious of an irresponsibility so complete. Brains, like muscles, are necessary only to those who must use them, and if Thorstein Veblen had carried his speculations a little farther he would have perceived that a certain incapacity for being serious is far more significant as a badge of the leisure class than that walking-stick which he made famous. It is something to be able to demonstrate that you do not have to use your hands, but there is even more swank in showing that you do not have to use your head either, and at bottom it is their ability to do just that which makes such airy creatures as these delightful to contemplate. It is a luxury to "take serious things lightly and to take light things seriously" because only the very rich and the very secure can afford to make a habit of doing it. As for the rest of us, we indulge that extravagance as we indulge most of the others—vicariously. Helen Chandler as the secretary and Frieda Inescort as the not too faithful wife are also both excellent.

"1931" (Mansfield Theater)—a sort of pageant of unemployment by Claire and Paul Sifton—is hardly entertaining, but it is sincere and impressive. In fifteen scenes and seven "interludes" it traces the history of a laborer from the moment when he quits his job in the joyous confidence that a strong man need have no fear to the moment when he joins a mob of rioting unemployed; and it moves with a kind of terrifying inevitability to which, no doubt, the mood of the moment contributes not a little. It is hard to imagine just how it would seem at another time, but just now it brings to a focus the current sense of insecurity, and it produces an effect of ominousness difficult to describe. Both the settings and the general staging of the piece reflect great credit on the Group Theater, of which it is the second production. Such scenes as that which shows the elevated over head and as those which use the closing steel doors with symbolic effect reveal considerable imagination.

Ernst Toller's "Bloody Laughter" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is a revolutionary drama which seems to me rather violent than moving. More or less "expressionistic" in manner, it reminds one how quickly the symbols of this particular style became stereotyped and stale.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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"Friendship!"—Slogan of Vienna

By CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

"*FREUNDSCHAFT!*" Can you imagine the word being called to marching thousands along Fifth Avenue, called back from marching thousands to the thousands lining the way? "Friendship!" The English language is timid of fine words.

Can you imagine the events of this summer's Saturday night and Sunday morning taking place in New York instead of Vienna? For three days the Workers' Olympic Games had been filling the New York Stadium, twenty-two nationalities participating. And then Saturday night the torchlight parade of young people marching by the thousand from the Stadium along Fifth Avenue, all of them from the working class, the proletariat. Hundreds of them, railroad tickets far beyond their means, had paddled three days down the Hudson in their canoes, sleeping in their tents; thousands had bicycled for days; still more thousands had arrived after days of tramping over more than one State border; groups had reached New York in trucks from yet more distant States. Not one of the ten thousand was in possession of a car.

For three days they did their muscles' best in every conceivable sport—no polo! For three days they wandered about New York, bronzed, bareheaded, barelegged—boys and girls as unselfconscious about the fact of Friendship as about the word. A gay swinging of clasped hands, locked arms, laughter, wonder at the great city with so much to be gazed upon—galleries, museums, shops (rather casually)—so many new friends to be made. But it seemed that Saturday night in Vienna that they had come only for the torchlight parade. You have seen New York stage much more splendid parades. So has Vienna. Royalty has paraded in Vienna—also in New York. There have been files of marching soldiers, uniformed, in perfect step, files of marching police, bands, horses, coaches of state. Perhaps, in New York, there was a hero in the parade who had done some deed to catch the public fancy for the moment. The crowds along the way cheered; royalty or hero waved.

A word was hero of the Vienna torchlight parade; it was a word those thousands of young workers marched for; it was to call back the word that thousands upon thousands lined the way. There was no single band; after four and a half hours of marching no one was keeping step very well; torches had burned low or gone out altogether by the time the last of the marchers passed the Opera House on the Ring. They were merely ten thousand youths, boys and girls, still bareheaded, barearmed, barelegged, tanned, smiling. But after four and a half hours there was still the call over and over again, from marchers of twenty-two nationalities to marchers of twenty-two nationalities—*"Freundschaft!" "Freundschaft!" "Freundschaft!"*

It was not enough to march four and a half hours Saturday night. They must begin again at six-thirty Sunday morning—the grandiose climax to the *Arbeiter Olympiade*. It was not enough for twenty-two nationalities to call *"Freundschaft!"* for four and a half hours Saturday night. They must call it for four and a half hot hours Sunday morning. Nearly a hundred thousand marchers this time, with it seemed at least a hundred bands! One band was hardly a block away, one band was blaring its music to the Austrian skies directly at our corner, one band had only a block yet to come. This morning we marched in line, we kept step, we carried flags, large proud flags, small fluttering flags; yet this morning, too, above the bands, the cheers, the clapping, the fluttering handkerchiefs and waving hands, rolled the same call over and over and over again, for four and a half hours—*"Freundschaft!"*

Past the reviewing stand at the feet of the colossal Pallas Athene in front of the House of Parliament the thousands marched. First the buzzing of motor cyclists, next the bicyclists of many lands, some of whom had pedaled over two or more national boundaries to reach Vienna. Then the marchers, children of workers who probably had never spent an hour of their lives in sport as these brown, bare-limbed, swinging, cheering young people had come to know the word. Granted, if you marched these thousands in competition with the picked athletes of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, they might make an inferior showing. They had gathered from crowded tenements, from small pinched countrysides; their sport all their lives had been snatched between hours of hard work at home, in factories, in shops, on farms. The childhood of every one of them had known the lean, tragic years of war. Probably the ten thousand put together had never in all their lives spent as much money as Harvard or Yale or Princeton students in one month. Yet here they were, eager, cheering, bronzed, and very poor, holding more or less dearly to two ideals, ready to strive and sacrifice for their realization, come from near and far to Vienna to show the working strength of what they believed in: to make the most of their physical bodies, to build a Socialist world on the basis of peace. For that they had paddled, tramped, bicycled, sat up all night in wooden seats of third-class carriages from distant corners of Europe—to try their muscles in every conceivable sort of contest in Vienna's Stadium, to march the hot Vienna streets waving the red flag of their political ideals, carrying aloft the banners "For World Disarmament and Universal Peace," "Voor Wercloortwapening en Volkenvrede," "Für Weltabrüstung und Weltfrieden," in many languages, and to call again and yet again, hour on end, *"Freundschaft."*

After the bicyclists a sea of great red banners, each with a green wreath over the point, dazzlingly gay in the hot sun. How the world cheered! Then came the blond Danes, followed by—our own Stars and Stripes. "Ach, die Amerikaner—stark sind sie!" Boys and girls from Palestine next, who had tramped, ridden, wandered this way and that over the long roads across Asia Minor; blond Hollanders, the girls in gay flowered dresses carrying flower baskets. "Like a spring dream," sighs a stout waving Austrian. The English; the Scotch in their kilted plaids, to the joy of Vienna; the French, their blue caps with that French twist over one

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ear; the Belgians, Rumanians, Poles, Bulgarians, Esthonians, Norwegians—each group cheered, each cheering back. An unusually hearty burst of applause along the line—the Finns! The swing of their bodies, the gay stride of girls in sky-blue, full-skirted dresses, youths strong, laughing; Vienna took the Finns to its heart.

Then followed the Germans—hundreds upon hundreds of Germans. Over an hour it took the Germans to pass the reviewing stand. Musicians all in white, and after the band four hundred waving red flags. As the marchers reached the reviewing stand, to a man they put back their heads and burst forth with the "Internationale." The reviewing stand rose in a body, the red flags lowered to obeisance; a man dashed from his place on the stand to where the German delegation stood and frantically shook each man by the hand. It was Renaudel, French delegate to the Socialist Congress meeting in Vienna. And still the Germans marched—swimmers, wrestlers, half an hour of young women gymnasts, the street-car workers of Dresden, then the last of the German red flags, the last of their red, black, and gold.

One more frantic burst of cheers, of calls, of waving hands and fluttering handkerchiefs, the finale to the seven miles of marching thousands—our own Austrians. *"Freundschaft!"* call the visiting Socialist delegates in the reviewing stand, springing to their feet. *"Freundschaft!"* call back the cheering Austrians. Hundreds, thousands of Austrians pass—from Salzburg, from the Tyrol, from Graz, sunburned girls from upper Austria swinging past in bathing suits, and at the very end Vienna's own. Vienna's sport-minded, Socialist, working-class young people, marching to the cheers of their own Socialist-governed city. Monday's *Arbeiter Zeitung* flaunted the black headlines across its front page, "Ours the Youth—Ours the World!"

It is not for a stranger cheering on the sidelines to weigh after two parades the relative strength of the various ideals behind those thousands of marchers. Is the Socialist correct who contends that the workers' joy in sport is but an evidence of the strength they mean to bring to the class war? Are they not so much athletes as working-class athletes, and before that Socialist working-class athletes? It may be. Thus the *Arbeiter Zeitung* summed up the intangibles of Sunday morning:

> People who never had laid eyes on one another and probably never would lay eyes on one another again called gaily to each other, waved hands and handkerchiefs. Strange to each other in language, they were united in the proud bond of a mutual *Weltanschauung*. One color and one word never fail to bring a clear realization of this bond—the red flag and the word which in a few years has captured the world—"Friendship!"

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